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Events of the Week.

BOTH the fruits and the failure of the policy of Terrorism were fearfully accented in Dublin on Sunday. Fourteen British officers were sought out and murdered in their beds, and in some cases in the presence of their wives; and six others were wounded. Neither the motive nor the machinery of these cruel murders has been fully explained; nor, we add, the gross carelessness of the Government in leaving these gentlemen without protection. Two of the officers are said to have been auxiliary cadets, one—who wrote a touching letter to Mr. Henderson repudiating coercion—was apparently an intelligence officer; one was admittedly a member of a Court-Martial, and others are stated to have been so. If that is true, the Irish Secretary's boast that terrorism has succeeded is unfounded, for the Republicans are as reckless and as well-informed as ever, and since Sunday nearly a score killings on one side or the other have been recorded, while the Chief Secretary looks forward to "more bloodshed." The worst case on the Government side was the holding up by an armed party of two men who had been acquitted by a Court-Martial. One of these discharged prisoners, and the brother of the other, apparently in mistake for the released man, were shot. The evidence at the inquiry suggested that the firing party came from military lorries drawn up close at hand.

THE answer to the Republican murders was given in the afternoon in Ashe Park, at a football match, attended by 15,000 persons, between Dublin and Tipperary teams. A force of cadets broke suddenly on to the field, and with or without preliminary firing from one or two Republicans, opened on the crowd, killing thirteen—including the Tipperary "back" and a boy of 14, and wounding about seventy. Thus the vile precedent of Amritsar, long feared and threatened in Ireland, has reappeared, though it is justice to say that the aim of the military is said to have been an examination for arms. If that was the case, why was miscellaneous firing resorted to? And what sense or measure can reside in a Government that

gives an armed party the task of sifting out revolutionaries from a football crowd of 15,000 persons?

IN Parliament, the better political mind of the country has been seen rather in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons, where, we may mention, Mr. Devlin was struck by a Major Molson, without one word of rebuke from the Speaker. In the Lords' debate on the second reading of the Irish Government Bill, Lord Grey amended his proposal of a withdrawal of the forces of the Crown after two years, and, in the absence of an effective control of the country (which obviously no British Government can guarantee), urged an immediate removal. He would then concede a system of government standing well between the status of the Dominion (whose modern meaning and content we define elsewhere) and the plan of Crown Colony rule to which the Government's Bill reduces itself. Foreign affairs would be excluded from Ireland, Lord Grey saying, with inexcusable ignorance, that this exception places Ireland in "precisely the same position as the great self-governing Dominions." No self-governing Dominion would accept such a parallel. On defence he would allow Ireland a militia, but would permit only one naval authority. On the other hand, she was to have full fiscal autonomy, and England should look to her only for a voluntary contribution. This is the Moderate view, which, though rather narrowly conceived, contains, we hope, the seed of a settlement. The Bill, on the other hand, is merely the germ of a strife which must end either in all Ireland becoming Separatist, or in a North and South war. It is perhaps the hopelessness of this attitude that may yet force the Government to accept a new financial basis for the Bill. For the present this has been rejected, but it may revive.

THE defence of Terrorism against Mr. Asquith's attack on it was placed in Sir Hamar Greenwood's hands. Apart from fustian, it consisted of such dicta and strains of argument as these:—(1) A forced retraction of the falsehood that he had never seen a "tittle of evidence" to show that the creameries had been destroyed by servants of the Crown (the evidence of such acts was in Dublin Castle when this statement was made in the House of Commons) in favor of an admission that "some" creameries had been so destroyed because the police "suspected" them of being Sinn Féin centres. (2) A repudiation of reprisals, coupled with praise for the police organ, the "Weekly Summary," which supports and incites to them, and which the Government started and subsidizes at the rate of £15 or £20 a week; (3) a statement that there was a state of civil war in Ireland, coupled with the admission that the Irish people had no sympathy with assassination. From this it would follow either that the Irish criminals are not criminals but soldiers, or that the Crown is conducting a senseless vendetta on the people. (4) A statement that reprisals were "succeeding," and that they did not exist. (5) A boast that under Mr. Asquith the Irish police shrank in numbers, while

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under him they had greatly increased, as if the test of good government were the maximum of force it employs. (6) A threat that if any creamery was known to have a manager who was also a member of the Republican Army, "that creamery was in peril," i.e., was liable to be burned down. There could be no better evidence of the connection between the Government and a policy of terrorism than this deliberate INCITEMENT TO ARSON by a Minister of the Crown.

It seems to us deplorable that, in a fit of panic, the Labor Party should have abandoned its mission of an Irish inquiry at the moment when it was most needed. Here, as Mr. Mosley said (in one of the best speeches on Ireland we have ever read), is a Government charging like a wounded bull in an arena, and committing act after act which calls for the closest investigation. Take these poor young soldiers, cruelly and wickedly slaughtered in their beds. Mr. George and Sir Hamar Greenwood are to attend their London funerals, and that is quite right, for it is clear that they were the victims of the Government's folly no less than of the cruelty of their assailants. Some of them were engaged on courts-martial—i.e., in unpopular and dangerous work. Why, then, were they allowed to sleep out of barracks, in isolated houses or lodgings, undefended and apparently unarmed?

On take the shooting dead of three Sinn Feiners in a room in Dublin Castle. The Government tells us that they attempted to escape. But it also admits that these men were lodged in a guard-room in the Castle which was thoughtfully stocked with bombs (undetonated!) and rifles. Is that credible? Yes; on the theory that the Castle is a branch of the lunacy service of Ireland, but on no other. And now Mr. Nevinson—an old friend of the British Army—produces a letter from Mr. Lysaght—a name well known and honored in the world of co-operation—saying that Clune, one of these dead men, was not a volunteer at all, that to his knowledge this young man came to Dublin purely on co-operative business, and that the notebook found on him and declared to be incriminating, was solely concerned with that business. Now this Mr. Clune has been proclaimed by the Government to be a desperate leader in the murder gang. Supposing this is false? What are we to make of the entire official story of the shooting in the Castle and of the "re-constitution" of the incident (with bombs, rifles, and all) for the benefit of the British Press? We come to no conclusion. But, in view of the kind of thing that Irish government has come to be, there never was a clearer case for investigation.

THE fall of M. Venizelos is the last of several events which obviously compel a revision of Allied policy in Turkey. M. Leygues travelled to London on Thursday to discuss the whole of this situation. As usual, the French Foreign Office, without waiting for this meeting, has rushed in, and is actively disseminating its views. It maintains a highly questionable interpretation of the right of the Protecting Powers under the treaties which created the Greek kingdom, to concern themselves with the dynasty, forgetting that there would be no vacancy but for their own intervention. Apparently the earlier idea of blockading Greece has been dropped, and Constantine will not be stopped by force, but the Greeks are told that they will be made to feel the displeasure of the Allies. A phrase about "Hellenic instability" points this threat with an insult. In more temperate Allied circles the appointment of the lawful Crown Prince as king is suggested as a compromise. It is rather

doubtful whether the *plébiscite* for which Constantine asked will be held, for it is evidently unnecessary, and the Venizelists say they will boycott it. The news, obviously circulated from Paris with a purpose, that the Greek army in Asia Minor is demobilizing itself, may have a measure of truth.

In any event the basis of Mr. George's Turkish policy is gone with the demonstration that Greece is no longer a passive tool of Allied policy, and that her views and interests will have to be considered. The French continue to advocate their old notion of making terms with Kemal Pasha and the Nationalist army, for their line always was to base their own position at Constantinople on Young Turkish support. Since General Wrangel's defeat, this pro-Turkish tendency fits into their whole anti-Russian policy. Firstly, they hope to detach the Turks from their present alliance with Moscow, and eventually even to use them as an auxiliary army against Russia. They have lost no time in beginning the reorganization of Wrangel's refugee army at Constantinople and Gallipoli (if that is possible), and evidently propose another expedition next year, for it is clear already that nothing is to be expected from Petliura and Balakhovitch—the former is already driven out of Russian territory, and the latter is breaking up. If the French can complete the rupture of the Allies with Greece, they reckon on revising the Turkish Treaty (which certainly stands in need of revision), and restoring some of Greece's acquisitions to the Turks. The Russian and Turkish questions are thus closely linked together. Meanwhile, the French are at their old game of stirring up the war they mean to wage. On the authority of the "Matin" British journals publish the intelligence that the Russians meditate a *coup* at Vilna, and that its reoccupation is the first step in a new Polish war. They should beware of these manœuvres, considering their source and the policy that lies behind them.

THE most poignant phase of this Eastern complication has occupied parts of two sittings of the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva. M. Lafontaine (Belgian Socialist) made a moving speech, and proposed that an army to rescue Armenia be contributed by those of the late belligerents who have suffered least. Dr. Nansen suggested that the Members of the League should combine to find £20,000,000 to raise a mercenary army of 60,000 men for its deliverance. Mr. Balfour intervened twice to explain, with a coldness familiar to us but evidently shocking to his hearers, that there were insuperable difficulties to doing anything at all: we must stand quietly on shore and watch the shipwreck. Others proposed a fresh appeal to America, clearly a useless course. M. Viviani then improved the occasion to further French Eastern policy, and recommended that some Power be charged with the duty of negotiating with Kemal Pasha. That, too, urged Mr. Balfour, was impossible, a reply which drew a hot and richly deserved rebuke from M. Viviani. No one seemed to have pointed out that the whole trouble in Armenia is a phase of the Russian tragedy, and that the obvious cure is a prompt peace with Moscow. In the end the Assembly passed a resolution charging the Council to do all it can, and naming six delegates to consider other possible courses.

ONE of the Committees of the Assembly has meanwhile drawn up a formula governing the admission of new Members to the League. One clause requiring that all such Members shall have fulfilled their international obligations, is relied upon by the French to maintain

the indefinite exclusion of Germany, and the "Matin" writes a song of triumph in this sense. We doubt if other Members intended anything of the kind (after all none of the European belligerents have paid their debts), but we must evidently reckon on continued French opposition. No one, it seems, will have the courage to propose the admission of Germany this year, and the more daring spirits suggest that this day next year may be the accepted time. The next tests of the League will come (1) when the Assembly debates the Council's inaction in the Russo-Polish war; (2) when it faces its failure to clear the Poles out of Lithuania or to propose any means for doing it, and (3) when it discusses the failure of the French and Belgians to observe the Covenant by publishing their secret military alliance. Even more searching than these questions, however, is the (4) document (which the Council hesitates to circulate) received from Germany questioning the whole policy of the Allies in regard to mandates. Her point is that which Lord Robert Cecil raised over Nauru, that the League and not the Allies should appoint the mandatories, and the standing commission for mandates. She does not hesitate to call the actual procedure mere annexation and a violation of the Versailles Treaty.

THE Note to Russia from the British Cabinet, proposing what are said to be some small amendments in the draft Trading Agreement with Russia, seems to have lost its way. It has not reached the Russian Mission, and various guesses are current. Is Mr. George waiting to consult M. Leygues? Has the Churchill-Curzon combination brought fresh reserves from the City? Or is Downing Street merely waiting for Italian and Belgian assent? Italy started trading some months ago, and at least one of the co-operative ships owned by the Seamen's Trade Union got to Odessa, though it had to be escorted by Italian destroyers. It is now said that the Allied authorities in Constantinople are issuing permits to Italian ships to trade with Novorossisk, which means at last the lifting of the Black Sea blockade. Mr. George's ten months' delay has meant that much, if not most, of the trade which we might have secured has gone to America, Italy, Sweden, and Germany. Mr. Vanderlip (a cousin of the well-known banker) acting, as he claims, for a financial syndicate deep in the confidence of the Republican Party, is going home with a concession for the oil of Kamschatka in one pocket, and an order for credit purchases in the other of untold millions' worth of locomotives, machinery, and other goods.

THE special International Trades Union Congress, held in the Throne Room of the Holborn Restaurant this week, was a noteworthy gathering. Seventeen nations were represented. Twelve French delegates there met twelve German, the largest attendance of any nation. Conspicuous by their absence were Russia and the United States, for opposite reasons, the former because this Congress is "reactionary," the latter because it is "revolutionary." The single Canadian present took an obstructive and suspicious attitude, with avowed sympathy for Gompers and the American Federation. The Secretary of the Congress, Mr. Frimmen, of Holland, took a large part in organizing an atmosphere of *bonhomie* as well as of working efficiency. The Resolutions entrusted to him by his Executive consisted principally of protests against the conduct of reactionary Governments in suppressing freedom of organization and action by the workers, against military and economic war with Russia, and against the refusal of Governments to recognize and enforce the decisions of the International Labor Conference at Washington. The positive Resolu-

tions urged Labor to join issue with Capitalism and Imperialism, using, where necessary, the weapons of the strike and boycott, and pledged the trade union world against all wars, distinguishing the pacifism of the workers from the qualified and opportunist pacifism of the *bourgeoisie*. Among the foreign delegates who took part, the German, Herr Grassman, made a powerful impression for ability and moderation in his account of the general strike in Germany.

WE very much hope that the threatened strike of the Electrical Power Engineers' Association will be averted; but if it comes the E.P.E.A. will not be to blame for it. They represent, as the world should know, the brain-workers of this vast industry, which maintains that constant supply of current for power on which our trade so largely depends. These indispensable workers have been a miserably paid class, but when the Joint Board, composed of *all* the employers' organizations (public and private) and members of the E.P.E.A. was formed, they accepted the very inadequate agreement on conditions of work and salaries which that body drew up. The agreement was to have come into force on June 1st. Nevertheless only 73 out of the 237 undertakings involved have agreed to put it in force, while others have definitely repudiated the Board.

THE E.P.E.A. had, therefore, only two alternatives. They had either to abandon the Board, and take what they could from the employers, or stand by it as a true experiment in Whitleyism. Whitleyism being the corner-stone of the Association's policy, they have decided for the latter course, after taking a ballot of their members, in which 84 per cent. voted for giving full powers of action to the Executive Council. The National Executive have, therefore, given notice that if the findings of the Board are not accepted by December 14th, their members will be withdrawn. We devoutly hope this step will not be necessary. The Board is the god-child of the Ministry of Labor, and its policy is that of the party of moderate reform in industry. Why should its work be destroyed by the breakaway of a band of reactionary employers?

THERE is one advantage in a soldier's expositions of policy. They are frank. Here, for example, is General Gouraud's exposition at Marseilles of French policy in Syria, taken from "La Democratie Nouvelle":—

"Nous sommes en Syrie pour garantir l'exécution du mandat français, et nous resterons en Cilicie tant que l'exécution du traité de Sévres l'exigera: nous resterons donc en Syrie parce que si nous n'y étions pas, d'autres y seraient à notre place. Ce serait alors l'éclipse de notre prestige et de notre influence dans la Méditerranée orientale, dans le Levant et tout l'Orient. D'ailleurs, et il faut qu'on le sache en France, le Syrie est un pays très riche."

Pour résumer d'un mot: L'affaire payera. Voilà pourquoi nous devons rester en Syrie et pourquoi nous y resterons."

In other words, France is in Syria (1) to maintain French "prestige" there; (2) to keep this country out; (3) for loot, Syria being a "very rich" country, and the conquest of its people being a "paying" "affair." Not bad this from an Ally and a victorious combatant in the Great War for peace, democracy, and human liberty.

WE draw special attention to the demonstration against reprisals organized by the Peace with Ireland Council to be held in the Albert Hall this day week, with Lord Henry Bentinck in the chair. We hope that all friends of England's honor and Ireland's freedom will try and be there.

Politics and Affairs.

THE SERMON OF BLOODY SUNDAY.

LA FATALITÉ S'ACCOMPLIT. It seems as if everywhere North, South, East, and West, the masters of Empire will always make Hernani's bargain to find, always with the same astonishment, that they have to pay Hernani's price. Dublin's Bloody Sunday is an epitome of the consequences that follow certain methods of rule, whether those methods are practised in Russia or Poland, in Austria or the British Empire. What is strange is not that these things happen—for all history teaches us to expect them—but that each new set of men, tempted by the same spirit, persuades itself that it will somehow escape the fate that overtook its predecessors. The Prime Minister is not a student of history, but if Britain and Ireland were a strong Power and a small neighbor living at the other end of Europe, and if somebody had told him the history of the last few years, or even of the last few months, he would have prophesied the events of Bloody Sunday by the light of his native intuitions. And yet, when he is faced with the problem that the Ministers of the dead Empires of Europe had to face, he behaves as if their conduct—the theme of so many of our declamations—was an example rather than a warning, and each new revelation of the awful perils into which he is leading the society for which he is responsible seems to put, not his statesmanship, but his obstinacy, on its mettle. He only closes his fist and his mind in a tighter grasp.

Is this to be the effect of Bloody Sunday on the British people? Everything turns on the answer. Mr. Lloyd George said in an unhappy moment that he had got murder by the throat. The truth is that murder has got two peoples by the throat, and we cannot relax its grip unless we keep control of our passions and recover control of our reason. The story of the assassination of the fourteen officers is revolting and horrifying. It reads like the story of the assassinations in the Palace at Belgrade, which made so profound an impression on Europe twenty years ago. These men were killed in cold blood, in some cases before the eyes of their wives. They were in Dublin, from no choice of their own, engaged on tasks of which every decent soldier is ashamed. No Englishman can think of this scene without horror and pity. If only every Englishman could picture as vividly the scenes in Irish cottages, when peasants are taken from their beds and shot, or bayoneted to death, often in presence of wives or parents—in Cork in the days preceding the Dublin tragedies three men were shot in their houses by Black-and-Tans; if he could read of sons trying to save their fathers, or fathers trying to save their sons; if he could understand that to every Irishman these murdered peasants have died for their country, from his own horror at the ruthless assassination of soldiers killed in no quarrel of their choosing, he would understand what these reprisals, which mean little to men like Sir Hamar Greenwood, and which his officials defend as helping to restore order, mean to the imagination of Ireland. And he would then understand that the day when the Government decided, in Bacon's words, to put law out of office, they were deliberately letting loose in Ireland all those forces and passions on which civilized men look with horror. The murder of soldiers is horrible; the murder of peasants is horrible. And soldiers and peasants alike are victims, not of poverty, which drives men to cold violence, nor of an inevitable quarrel of race and religion, which drives men to passionate crimes, but of a policy

which has governed Ireland by the bayonet, first under forms of law, then without the forms of law, because it would not allow Ireland to govern herself. Tyranny never has Murder by the throat, for they are always hand in hand.

Every day shows more clearly how fatal is the simple theory on which the Government are acting. They think that there is a murder gang, and that if they are allowed to renounce all respect for liberty and life in Ireland, they can suppress it. They think nothing of taking the lives of women and children; they proclaim openly that constables may fire when and as they please on any open road, and that if women and children are killed nobody is to blame. They believe that if they go on long enough shooting innocent people, destroying the property of innocent people, they will put down this murder gang, and that Ireland will then settle down to peace and order. One of the Peers who opposed the Bill to make spring-guns illegal gave a justification for their use which represents exactly the view of our Ministers. "The object of setting spring-guns was not personal injury to anyone, but to deter from the commission of theft; and that object was as completely obtained by hitting an innocent man as a guilty one." This is a simple theory, but the facts do not give it much support as applied by Ministers in Ireland. There is a contrary theory that the punishment of the innocent is more likely to alienate innocent people than to intimidate the guilty. Burke wrote a passage in 1797 which is singularly appropriate to the conduct of this Parliament:—"Great disorders have long prevailed in Ireland. It is not long since, that the Catholics were the suffering party from those disorders. I am sure they were not protected as the case required. Their sufferings became a matter of discussion in Parliament. It produced the most infuriated declamation against them that I have ever read. An inquiry was moved into the facts. The declamation was at least tolerated, if not approved. The inquiry was absolutely rejected. In that case what is left for those who are abandoned by Government but to join with the persons who are capable of injuring them or protecting them as they oppose or concur in their designs? This will produce a very fatal kind of union among the people: but it is a union which an unequal administration of justice tends necessarily to produce." A Government which thinks that it can isolate a murder gang by refusing the most elementary rights to peaceful persons is strangely ignorant of human nature. If there had been an inquiry after Balbriggan, we might have escaped Bloody Sunday.

If the first episode of Bloody Sunday was an illustration of the consequences of reprisals, the second was not less eloquent as an example of the spirit in which Ireland is governed. There was a great football match in Dublin, watched by 15,000 spectators. The official account of the proceedings states that it was intended that an officer should inform this huge crowd that they were to be searched for arms. If this crazy plan is a fair sample of the wisdom with which Ireland's police and military rulers conduct themselves, it is no wonder that their administration is so ludicrous a failure. The official report states that before this plan could be carried out, shots were fired at the constables by pickets stationed outside the ground. In reply, the cadets fired, not once but volley after volley, killing twelve people, seriously wounding eleven, and injuring fifty-four. One of the people killed was the goalkeeper of one of the sides, another was a boy of 14, a third was a woman crushed to death, like so many of the victims of Amritsar. The "Daily News" correspondent throws grave doubt on the official statement that shots were fired at

the cadets. It does not appear that if this happened, any of the cadets were killed or wounded, and no doubt information will be demanded on this point. In any case it is quite clear that an inquiry must be held, for on the facts given there is no conceivable justification for the continued firing into a vast crowd of men, women and children, shut up in a confined space. One would have thought that the lesson of the Jallianwala Bagh would have been impressed on our governors for at least a few years after the tragedy. But doubtless we are mistaken. The House of Commons, which shows itself on every possible occasion a faithful disciple of the old Reichstag, seemed to think on Monday afternoon that this was not an episode with which it need concern itself, and it is, we are afraid, so far gone in its hatred and contempt of all British ideas of justice and civil liberty that Ministers know that no outrage would shock it. We may say of its temper towards the Government what Mr. Bonar Law said of the threats of Ulster, that there were no lengths to which Ulster could go in which he would not support her.

We do not believe the British people have this same uncontrolled violence of racial passion. The House of Commons no more represents its real temper than does the Government. The acts that have led to this catastrophe were not done by its will if they were done in its name. How many people in this country knew last year or the year before that men, and boys and girls, were sent to gaol for singing old Irish songs, for playing in a band, for carrying Sinn Fein flags, for collecting for a memorial to Thomas Ashe, a prisoner who died from forcible feeding, for speaking Irish, or for "whistling derisively at the police?" Any Government which punishes such offences with a heavy hand will sooner or later find itself dealing with serious crime. And when that time comes, this serious crime is made the reason for further political oppression. That is the path that every despotism treads. The cartoonist of the "Daily News" well illustrates this truth in his picture of Reprisalists dogging the Murderers' steps, and of Murderers following the Reprisalists. We punished Irishmen and Irishwomen by the hundred for their opinions before a single murder was committed. We shall not stop murder by punishing them by the thousand. The House of Commons is in no temper to understand that simple truth. But we believe the nation is prepared to act upon it, and to call for the political change that alone can bring peace.

THE NEXT WAR IN RUSSIA.

THE victors of Versailles tried to base a League of Nations upon triumph. The idea survives and even grows amid humiliation and failure. It is not its actual incarnation in a Covenant and an institution which keep it alive. It lives upon our sense of peril and need. Feeling among the progressive half of the community has passed through a curious cycle since 1914. In the early months of the war we felt that civilization might perish, unless a League of Peace were created. In the later months, we looked with a sort of triumphant surprise for its realization. When the destroying texts of treaties and covenants made their appearance, a mood of dejection and even of cynicism set in. The Covenant, and its organs of control, was defective and in some respects reactionary; that any League of Peace could administer a world ordered by these treaties of multitudinous wrong seemed a sheer impossibility; that the League could live at all in the shadow of the Supreme Council seemed even less conceivable. For a time interest dwindled. Many idealists could not imitate,

even when they applauded, the faith and the zeal of Lord Robert Cecil and the few who stood with him. To-day, the spectacle of the world in which we live is driving us back to the mood of 1914. However hard it may be to believe in this League on this basis, some authoritative international organization is a necessity, even more obvious and more urgent than any of us realized under the first shock of the war.

The first impressions from Geneva do not make for optimism. The atmosphere of the Assembly is not yet that of a group of men who feel themselves to be in fact a responsible legislative body. It suggests rather some irresponsible conference meeting without powers. Its decisions have so far been either reactionary or impotent. It began badly by adopting secret sittings in the Committees which will do its real work. The first of these Committees then proceeded to take a decision which on an extreme interpretation, if the Assembly should ratify it, will confine the League for a generation to the Allies and neutrals. No State is to be admitted until it has met its international obligations. This was the proposal of France, and the French Press interprets it to mean that the enemy States are excluded until the indemnity is paid to the last mark. If the words are to be literally construed, we should say that M. Viviani had almost emptied the Conference Hall. For which of the late belligerents is meeting its obligations? We do not pay the interest of our debt to America. France, Italy, Serbia, and the rest, are on this harsh reading also defaulters. It is, indeed, only the Germans who are actually paying. Russia, of course, is out, for not only does she not pay, she repudiates the Tsarist debt. A lawyer no doubt might refine on the definition of the clause, but we fear it will be found to mean what the French intend it to mean. In that case the League is not a pacific congress of civilized peoples. It is a strategic and a fatal ring of encirclement organized from Paris.

The next debate brought the League up against its first and most tragic failure. To blame the League for the plight of Armenia would, of course, be grotesque. The Allies finished off their work wherever their interest led them. They seized Syria and Mesopotamia, and left Armenia to fend for itself. When the unofficial conscience protested, they flung this duty to the League. No harm would have come to Syria if the Emir had been left undisturbed in Damascus, and the French army which overthrew him had landed in Trebizond instead. Half the men and a tenth of the money which the Allies wasted in vain attacks on Soviet Russia, would have kept Armenia safe. It happened that no financial group was interested in any of the poor products of Armenia's soil. But this was not the worst. Armenia was encouraged to take her stand in the ranks of the Allies, and her stand happened to be between the Russians and the Turks. With both we are in effect at war. Left to herself within her confined territories, she might have come to terms with one, or both. But how could she make peace with the Turks? The Allies, who would not spare a ship, or a battalion, to protect her, had flung to her with lavish generosity three provinces inhabited by Turks and occupied by Turks, and named Mr. Wilson to draw their frontiers. After that there could be no peace with the Turks. Moscow offered her benevolent mediation, and probably would, and could, have saved her, but the Allies vetoed that way of escape. There is no reason why Moscow should treat her worse than she treats Esthonia, and one recalls the fact that the head of her Eastern Department is M. Kaharan, himself an Armenian. So we bade our unfortunate *protégé* be loyal, we embroiled her with the Turks, we estranged her from

the Russians. Then we left her to her fate. It is about over now, we imagine. No news comes from Erivan, and the best to hope for is that while the League is renewing its hunt for a mandatory Power, Russia may nominate herself to that office. The dream of a big Armenia will vanish; but some Armenians may survive.

In the Genevan discussion between M. Viviani and Mr. Balfour nothing emerged with any clearness except the complete divergence between French and British policy in the East. We have chosen to dictate to the Turks a settlement which, be it good or bad, we cannot impose. We based our severity on the evil record of the Turks towards the Armenians, and the event has proved that for the Armenians Downing Street cared exactly nothing at all. It chose to trample on Mohammedan sentiment, only to show itself deaf to the cries of this Christian race. The policy meanwhile has fallen to pieces. Mr. Lloyd George relied on M. Venizelos to enforce his Treaty on the Turks, and M. Venizelos has been ostracized. The telegrams (all from Paris) which report the decomposition of the Greek army in Asia Minor are probably exaggerated for a purpose, but the election certainly proved that Greece is tired of the belligerency forced upon her. That Treaty was always a scrap of paper, and it will be executed when the Kaiser is hanged. It was the last and some ways the worst echo of the khaki election.

We have now somehow to square our own bankrupt policy with the rival conception of the French. They never liked our plan. They always aspired to succeed Germany as the protectors and drill-sergeants of the Turks. They would have spared the Turkish Nationalists, and in one way or another exploited them. Mr. Balfour asks, with feeble petulance, how can one negotiate with the Turks? One cannot give them territory or money. The French do not see the difficulty. They would give them territory—preferably Greek, and even money—preferably ours. Revise the Treaty, give back Thrace and Smyrna, and doubtless Kemal Pasha would break with Russia, and he might even be induced to leave a few Armenians unmassacred. It is at least a positive policy, where Mr. Balfour has only negations. It is quite workable, and though it may be both immoral and humiliating, it is not more so than the mixture of hypocrisy and incompetence which Downing Street has composed. The worst of it is that even now the fate of the Armenians is the smallest item in the account. The two Allies are only manoeuvring for the control of Constantinople and the Straits. Our plan was to achieve it by crushing the Turks; the French would gain it by befriending them.

We have no word to write in defence of British policy in Turkey. It has been governed from start to finish by economic and strategic Imperialism, it has betrayed humanity in the persons of the Armenians, while also wronging the Turks and estranging India. None the less, in this crisis of the moment the worse danger by far is the policy of France. It is logical and well thought out, as ours is not. France is aiming, over the body of Turkey, at Russia. She is quite right in thinking the Turks important in that connection. Win them over, and the conquest of the Caucasus would be easy. Save the Armenians and another step would give you the oil of Baku, and the loss of that fuel would bring the reviving transport system of Russia once more into chaos. Then toss your Wrangel once more into the Crimea, and if you could revive 1854 exactly, by sending some Turks to back him, so much the better. It is probably the best of the many schemes yet devised, and can always be completed by a subsidized *coup d'état* at

Warsaw, which would again bring the French party in Poland to power. Then, of course, the Poles would renew their war.

We are not speculating without data. Already, before the last of Wrangel's refugees has been put into quarantine in Turkey for typhus and smallpox, the French have begun to reorganize his army. They mean under the eyes of the international control, under the ægis of the League of Nations, to use Constantinople as a basis for the next war on Russia. That mania obsesses them, and they have no thought of desisting. Their Eastern course, in itself rather madder than ours, but a trifle more plausible, is in reality only a phase of their anti-Russian policy. They press it with skilful speeches at Geneva. They back it with Cabinet intrigues and Press propaganda in London. They mean to see it through. To this policy of ruin Mr. Lloyd George, absorbed in terrorizing Ireland, opposes only a fitful and nerveless resistance. It means, if it goes on, a division of Europe, more deep cut than the division of the war itself. If they can make the League of Nations an accomplice in this war upon Socialist Russia (and that is plainly their aim), they will have branded it as a militant, capitalistic organization. That taunt was uttered by Lenin long ago. It will be justified if the League lends itself to this Eastern policy. There is just one feasible way of saving Armenia, and that is to make peace with Russia. French leadership might convert the League into the ideal of the less far-seeing portion of the Middle Class. But Labor would be driven to take Lenin's view of it. The alternative would then present itself with a sharpness worthy of French logic, between the two Internationals. The League would be an item in French militarist plans, and the hope of the capitalist die-hards. Over against it, as the one inevitable alternative, would stand the Moscow International. Our helplessness and inefficiency in this crisis will mean, perhaps, that Russia has a hard time before her, but it may mean also that the Russian idea of a Continental revolution is many stages nearer realization. A League that challenged Labor, excluded Germany, and sanctioned war on Russia, would be all that the most unrelenting Marxist could desire. It would be the class war made international.

NO GERMAN INDEMNITY FOR US?

OUR protectionist profiteers in the House of Commons and the country are beginning to be restive. So long as the Coalition lasts they cannot come out into the open with a demand for an all-round tariff. So they are fighting under the devices of key industries and anti-dumping, hoping that the growing volume of unemployment and trade depression may co-operate with hatred of "the Hun" to ripen their wider policy of keeping out "the foreigner" from our markets. As yet there is no agreement as to what constitutes a key industry. But we observe that dyes and magnetos are again to the fore in the discussion. The dye-protectors have the manifest advantage of fighting under the time-honored banner "Defence of the Realm." They parade the military uses of their clients in "the next war." When subsidies for the dye industry were introduced as a war-measure, the country was assured that a very few years of coddling would so invigorate this infant that it would be able to stand by itself. Considering that the best science of Germany had been employed for a generation in establishing the superiority of their dyes, this could barely pass muster even as "war-truth." It is now frankly discarded. Neither in quantity, nor in

quality, variety, or price, can our dye-goods hope to compete with those which Germany can send us. So an indefinitely extended period of further coddling is demanded.

Unfortunately the central fallacy of protectionism, the separate consideration of each trade-interest, is in this case too glaring to escape detection. To keep out German dyes by a prohibitive or a protective tariff might nourish our infant, if its activities were confined to the domestic market, and if we were prepared to keep out, not only German dyes but the cheaper or better foreign fabrics which used these dyes. But, seeing that dyed goods of various orders form a very large proportion of our export trade, this easy solution cannot be applied. The difficulty is put in a nutshell by a letter in the "Manchester Guardian" of last Monday: "Probably for every man employed and for every pound invested in the manufacture of dyes a hundred men are employed and £100 are invested in the cotton industries using those dyes, and these workmen are engaged in the production of goods 80 per cent. to 90 per cent. of which are exported from this country." Nor is that all. There are the other textile manufactures and a variety of other trades from pottery to drugs, all figuring in our export trade, and into all of which dyes enter as a cost of production. Many of our foreign markets are subject to keen competition both for price and quality, and a policy which confined our manufacturers to the use of inferior or dearer home-made dyes would prove a real disaster to us, as we are seeking to regain our old markets or to secure new ones, against the competition both of Germany and of other countries which have the good sense to use German dyes.

The Color-Users' Association, perceiving the danger of a tariff excluding German dyes, or raising their price to color-users, proposes a continuation of the licensing system (introduced during the war by an illicit application of powers given to regulate the importation of war materials) and couples with it a demand for subsidies in all cases where foreign dyestuffs are produced at a lower cost than British. But the policy has all the evils of a tariff protection, and is wholly inconsistent with the claim that we ought to build up a self-sufficing British industry. If, as is proposed, we are to let in on licence German dyes that are superior in quality to ours, and to keep out, by subsidies, those which are only cheaper, the inevitable result will be that we shall get the lowest and least profitable grades of the industry which may not even suffice to afford the security which we desiderate, in case of "the next war." Moreover, behind this protection lurks a complete disregard of the meaning of a subsidy. Subsidies are necessarily raised by taxation, with the result that more productive trades are crippled in their growth, in order to feed an infant which refuses to grow up. If we are really bent upon a "next war" and feel quite assured that its chemistry will hinge on dyestuffs, it would be far safer, and possibly cheaper, to establish a nationalized dye industry as big as we think will be needed for war, and get from Germany such dyes as we find we cannot produce ourselves, at such low prices as their bad exchange and lower costs enable or compel them to charge for their export trade.

But before having recourse to this we would make a plea for sanity. After all, "dyes" only constitute one key or essential industry. Some of the others, like magnetos and optical glasses, are German. But others are French and American. There are also foods and raw materials, the best supplies of which are vested in countries which may be our enemies in "the next war." What do we propose

to do about it? We cannot become a self-sufficing country even for all the quite essential commodities. We cannot assume that in "the next war" Germany will be our enemy, or Germany alone. None of these fumbling imbecilities in the shape of import duties, licences, and subsidies, can make us safe in a world which each of these acts contributes to keep dangerous. The open door may not afford complete security, but every shut door is a fresh danger. If our new protectionists succeeded in excluding foreigners from our markets, while by a further development of our "palm kernels" policy we refuse them access to the resources of an Empire which covers now a quarter of the land surface of the globe, we shall indeed furnish a valid reason for keeping in our easy grasp an ample supply of explosive chemicals. Blind profiteers and frothy imperialists do not realize how vitally the tenure of our Empire hitherto has rested on free trade. Once convert this country and its overseas possessions into a close trade preserve, the world with its ever-growing needs and dependence upon outside sources of supply, will, almost by a consentaneous instinct of self defence, rise up against this intolerable monopoly.

But key industries are but one item in a larger policy. Toys, clocks, musical instruments, drugs, and certain articles of clothing, mostly of German origin, are creeping or plunging back into our markets at a time when disabled soldiers and other unemployed are wanting work. Foreigners, by general admission, are making most of these articles better and can supply them much cheaper. We are again invited to accept the view that the volume of employment for our people can be increased by keeping out such goods and letting British workers produce worse ones at higher prices. Take two very different commodities, dolls and drugs. Members of Parliament wax indignant that English children should not be made to prefer clumsy toys made by half-trained ex-soldiers to the superior German toy, and that their parents should not be mulcted for this charity. They would even sacrifice the health and economic efficiency of the community by forcing the consumption of inferior drugs paid for at double the price. It ought not to be beyond the capacity of the meanest Parliamentary intelligence to understand that if we pay more money for dolls and drugs, thereby increasing employment in these trades, we shall have less to spend on other goods and less to save for productive employment in other industries, and that the total employment cannot be increased while the total product must be diminished. But such is the mental havoc wrought by introducing military metaphors into commerce that the protectionist mind, once set, appears immune to such logic.

There remains for passing notice the crowning absurdity of the attempt to stop Germany from sending us cheap goods, while all the time our politicians go on howling for indemnities. For indemnities can only be paid on condition that we and other countries receive cheap German goods. They must be cheap in order that Germany may get over the barrier of the bad exchange which the cry for immeasurable indemnities has helped to bring about. What Sir Robert Horne signifies by "dumping" does not yet appear. But what our protectionists mean is anything sold cheaper abroad than at home. Now since the fall in the international value of the mark is a good deal greater than the rise in prices inside Germany, it must always be the case that goods which go into foreign markets appear to be sold cheaper than at home. All goods, therefore, which Germany sends to this or any other allied or neutral country, are

"dumped," and the anti-dumping law which Sir Robert Horne has amid much grumbling postponed to the next session will, properly applied, make it impossible for Germany to pay us any part of the reparation we still pretend to expect. And if other allied countries, motivated by the same crazy blend of malice and bad political economy, pursue the same policy, the question of the amount of the German payment will be settled by a much simpler process than the Reparation Com-

mission endeavors to apply. For the conditions of any enforced indemnity are such as to cause a flow of cheap exports, and the feebleness of the economic life in the country called to pay the cheaper goods must rank in foreign markets. If, then, foreign Governments insist upon subsidizing home industries to make the different sorts of goods in which alone Germany could pay, and so exclude these German goods, why then Germany gets off payment altogether.

HOW THE BOLSHEVIKS GOVERN.

By H. N. BRAILSFORD.

IN my talks with the peasants I was chiefly anxious to learn their view of the system of requisitions. The peasants pay no taxes, no rent, no interest on mortgages, and usually their miserable little holdings have been enlarged since the Revolution. On the other hand, they must give up the surplus of their crops to the Government, which maintains a monopoly of the trade in grain. Forty pounds of rye per month is allowed for every member of a peasant's family over one year of age, which seems a more than sufficient average amount. Fodder, oats, and potatoes are treated in the same way. The surplus is valued at the Soviet price, which is a mere fraction of the speculative price. Theoretically the peasant ought to be able to buy with the purchase money boots, textiles, and the like, also at the nominal Soviet prices, but in practice these goods are scarce and seldom obtainable, and the low money payment for one-third of the levy is, therefore, almost worthless. The peasant is entitled also to receive the value of two-thirds of his requisitioned crops in kind (cotton, oil, salt, &c.), but once more, the quantities given are often inadequate. The equation, if the surplus is large, will not balance, and discontent is inevitable. None the less, the poorer peasants (the majority) who have rarely any large surplus, suffer little from these requisitions and probably receive much more than they give. One big giant of a peasant, a young man with an open and kindly face, a Communist, as the younger men are apt to be, gave me the experience of his little village. It consisted of 223 persons (say forty families) and in rye (the chief crop) had only given up 1,000 lbs. as its collective contribution. It will certainly get textiles and paraffin, not to mention free schooling, and other State services, which exceed the value of this corn levy many times over. It is the richer peasants, especially in the black earth zone, where Communism was never strong, who have a grievance, since they grow a big surplus and receive only a fraction of its value in kind. The war on the whole eased the requisitions as the young soldiers came and went on leave. Certain parts of fields were marked off for the levy, and the peasants would say, as they reaped them, "this is for the comrades" (meaning the absent Red soldiers), and set it aside.

A HOSTILE PEASANT.

At this point in my talk with the young giant, a bustling elder peasant kept interrupting us. "Now take a new page," he insisted, "for your notes of what I have to say." He was evidently a somewhat richer man. He had cut 120 poods (a pood is 40 lbs.) of hay, and had to give up three poods for the levy. This seemed to him a gross exaction, and he was surprised that I had no sympathy to bestow. His chief personal reason for opposition to the Revolution was, I think, that some time before it, he and some neighbors had clubbed together to buy the forest which served their village.

They had paid all but the last instalment of the price when suddenly the Revolution nationalized their forest. They can still cut all they need for their own use, whether for fuel or for building, but they cannot make a profit by selling to others. He had once worked in a factory "under Englishmen and Germans and knew what superior men really are like. As for these Communist leaders and officials, they are just ordinary workmen and he looked down on them." He wished they had all stuck to the "Calculation" Government (he meant "Coalition" *i.e.*, Kerensky) and fought on to the end in the war. Then "they would have been on top, and could have made the Germans pay, and the Allies would have helped them." He was for the Constituent Assembly, but all the same (a little nervously) was a "non-party man." In point of fact, I think he must have been a typical "Social Revolutionary."

TYPES OF ADMINISTRATORS.

Of some of the men at the head of the Soviet administration I saw a good deal, and on the whole my impression was favorable. All of them except the directors of Education and Health had been manual workers, and all except the director of Health were Communists. I heard them described by hostile "intellectuals" as mere "izvostchiks" (cab-drivers) and "unlettered laborers." Such phrases, I think, expressed only the contempt of the middle-class mind for the man who works with his hands, and I heard them more often from half-educated persons, than from doctors or teachers, who often spoke well of the administration. President Kudrasheff, who liked to encourage my limping Russian, was a man of dignified presence and courteous speech, who made an admirable chairman of the Soviet. I once heard him quote a Russian classic in a way that showed familiarity, and the clear and connected account which he gave me of the history of Vladimir, since the Revolution, could have come only from a disciplined mind. With another colleague, one of the three heads of the Department of Production, I spent a whole day. An engineer by trade, he delighted me by his lucid disquisitions on machinery, in which he showed no mean knowledge of theoretical mechanics and mathematics. He reminded me of a Scotch carpenter whom I knew as a boy, who became a teacher of science. He was the typical Communist, idealist yet realist, his brain on fire with schemes for turning science to account to develop the neglected resources of Russia. I got him to talk freely about the "intellectuals" who served under him. On some of them, chiefly architects and engineers, he poured the most generous eulogy. They were, he said, men with the spirit of "artists," who worked for the pleasure of creation and the motive of service. He paid a high tribute to their zeal, and said they would often work voluntarily for 14 or 16 hours a

day. These were always the ablest men of their professions, and with these it was a pleasure to work. Others, the type of man who had only worked for profits and fees in the old days, performed their minimum tasks indifferently. The Director of Education, Comrade Plaksya, was the only University man in the team, plainly an idealist of the self-sacrificing Russian type, gentle, kindly, and in love with his children and his work. The others impressed me less, perhaps because they were less reserved, but they were modest and frank in speaking of their failures and difficulties—probably, as everyone told me, the abler men were mostly at the front. One could not say that the administration attained, by Western standards, a high standard of competence. What Russian administration ever did?

THE INSPECTORATE.

Corruption when detected was severely punished, and a rather elaborate system existed for detecting both corruption and inefficiency. This system of "Inspection" supplied the detailed control, which the Soviet itself cannot undertake in its short and infrequent sittings. The Soviet of each "Government" elects a standing "collegiate" of five inspectors, and these in turn engage a staff of specialists. They examine all the plans, estimates, and accounts of the Departments, watch the work in operation, and make "flying" visits unannounced to factories and bureaucratic departments. They are assisted by delegates, workmen and peasants, elected by the factory councils and the local (*uyezd* and *volost*) councils, who attend their sittings and accompany their visits of inspection. In this way an independent, popular element is brought in to check the bureaucracy. A similar machinery on a smaller scale exists in the country (*uyezd*) and the parish (*volost*). Again, there is a "Bureau of Complaints" which receives and investigates written protests from individual citizens who think they have been wronged by officials. Out of 648 complaints in seven months in the Vladimir province 59 were found to be justified, and the grievances were redressed. The proportion seems low, but it may be, as the chief of the bureau explained, that most of the complainants supposed erroneously that they had suffered wrong because they did not know the law of the new régime. Three of the five persons who acted as the jury of this bureau are non-Communists.

THE "EXTRAORDINARY COMMISSION."

The "Extraordinary Commission" which combats "counter-revolution" enjoys a terrible reputation abroad, and in Moscow it certainly is a ruthless engine of terror. If one would form a picture of Russian life, however, one must bear in mind that the vast mass of the Russian population lives in the provinces. There has never been a "terror" in Vladimir, though undoubtedly life had been made harder at one time for the middle-class than it is now. The hostile "intellectuals" with whom I talked, guessed that about forty persons had been executed in the whole province since the Revolution, out of a population of 1,600,000. In fact, as the books of the Commission showed, there had been in all seventy-nine persons executed since the Revolution. Of these, according to the records, eighteen had taken part in armed mutinies and were taken with arms; twelve were officials guilty of grave dereliction of duty, usually corruption; twelve were bandits and robbers; twelve were members of the old Tsarist Secret Police, and twenty-five were deserters. No one, in short, was shot merely for political opinions.

The Commission ceased in February of this year to have the right to pass capital sentences. I looked over the calendar of its less serious

cases, which included speculation, bribery, drunkenness, and robbery, and found in it only one category of obvious political offences, under the heading "counter-revolutionary and anti-Soviet activities." There were six such cases this year; all but one were acquitted, and this one, sentenced to six months' imprisonment, was released after two months. I heard frequent complaints which certainly were, or had been, well-founded, of the dilatory procedure of the Extraordinary Commission. Men were often arrested and "sat," as Russians say, for weeks in prison before a charge was formulated: the prison, moreover, was dirty and the food bad and insufficient. The President admitted the truth of this complaint in the past, but declared that since his own recent appointment, no prisoner had been kept for more than twenty-four hours without a charge. Nothing can alter the fact that this Commission is a summary court, armed until lately with absolute powers, working in secret and admitting no defence save such as the prisoner can make unaided, but its actual record was much milder than its reputation. Its chief work, however, is to prepare cases for other tribunals. The "Revolutionary Tribunal" is, on the other hand, a regular court, sitting in public and admitting defence by advocates under the usual forms. I heard nothing to its discredit in Vladimir, and its President impressed me favorably. It has this year (up to the end of September) passed only three capital sentences. Of these cases, one was an official a Communist who stole Government stores, another an ex-Tsarist agent provocateur, and the third a deserter from the army who had twice repeated his offence.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

It is a great tribute to the political sense of our people that the terrible doings of Bloody Sunday have in no way checked the agitation against reprisals. Two great anti-terrorist meetings were held in Manchester and Birmingham, well after the fearful news got abroad; both were packed and enthusiastic. The welcome truth is that a totally new spirit is being breathed into our politics. Mr. Asquith's fine speech at the National Liberal Club first gave it popular vent; and the remarkable movement among the intellectuals and the clergy reveals its characteristic quality. Liberals have at least had an education in the ethics of Irish policy. And memory and feeling among them alike revolt against this blasphemous proclamation of the gospel of force to a world saturated and more than half ruined with it. Since when was murder for murder a doctrine of the Christian, the Liberal, the Democratic faith? Therefore it is against the reviving nobility, moral orderliness, and clear-sightedness of the British people that Mr. George and his band, and these Irish murderers and their band, are fighting, and one needs only an average faith in one's country, and indeed in human nature itself, to prophesy who will win. Especially remarkable is the feeling in the Universities. Leading scientists and humanists have both rallied to the banner of civilization with hardly an effort to group them round it. There has been one exception—the leaders of Nonconformity

Take as an example Dr. Roberts's letter to the "Manchester Guardian" complaining (quite falsely) that the "Guardian" had maximized the murders by Government agents while minimizing those of the Irish Republicans, and showing much irritation at its

exposure of the public crimes. Now Dr. Roberts knows perfectly well that only a handful of newspapers have undertaken this sanitary work, and that if they had been silent, these dark deeds would have been buried till they rose to confound our good name for ever. Would he then have denounced them had they come to his ear? Would he not have turned them down as libels on the Government that he and thousands of Nonconformists put into power? Now he says he will denounce reprisals if the assassinations are condemned in the same breath. That is a very nice and highly Christian offer on the part of Dr. Roberts. He is not responsible for what these extremists have done to blacken the name of Ireland. But he is very much responsible for what Mr. Lloyd George has done to blacken the name of England. If he and British and Welsh Nonconformity had arisen as one man and said that for a Government to condone and promote murder (no matter what crimes had been committed against it) was to efface the civilized order (in which I suppose he believes) and to nullify Christianity (of which he is a professor and teacher) the policy could have been stopped dead. Mr. George would not have dared to go on with it.

BUT there one comes upon the now familiar and seemingly ineradicable *laches* of Nonconformity. Not the feeblest of the Seven Churches more completely betrayed her trust. Say that it was beyond the power of the Churches to prevent the war. None of them ever tried; but let that pass. At least—at the very least—this one branch of the Christian Church which was practised in public life, and accustomed to boast the moralizing part she played in it, might have rallied to the secular statesman, a Tory and a Churchman, who stretched out a feeble hand between the living and the dead if perchance he might stay the slaughter, and arrest the wreck of a Continent. Barely a mitigating word then came from the lips of British Nonconformity. A very few faithful lips were opened; but Mr. George at his famous breakfast rallied most of their Ministers and leaders to the knock-out blow. Their silence gave two more years of drum-beating to useless, senseless slaughter, to be crowned by a Punic Peace. Again the Nonconformist Churches were dumb or almost dumb. The noble work of the Quakers did indeed keep the light of Christian charity a burning flame in Central Europe. But where was the political Nonconformist? A friend of mine attended a meeting in the South of England to propose the reception of some starving Austrian children. It was attended by several Nonconformist ministers. All but one opposed the idea. Throughout the latter stages of the war and in the ensuing election Mr. George's emotional appeals were of almost uniform baseness. Yet Nonconformity as a whole accepted and followed his leadership.

Now came the fearful mishandling of Catholic Ireland. Again Nonconformity utterly failed. On the whole Gladstone had carried it through the Home Rule campaign. But the later betrayal of Home Rule showed that Nonconformity had lost its political sense and its public conscience. A part of duped and forsaken Ireland took a wild and cruel path. A powerful and just public opinion, led by the great political-religious class which had helped to keep nineteenth-century England true to liberty, would have done much to steady Irish opinion, and enable it to maintain its savage or despairing elements in check. That force did not appear. Political Nonconformity simply could not make the connection between its old self and

the needs of the hour. In the more instinctive graces of Christian feeling it was always lacking. It wanted also that firm traditional morality of the Anglican Church which has moved the Primate and the seventeen Bishops to their memorable protest against reprisals. But now its peculiar virtue of an enlightened public spirit seems to have perished, like all human and animal qualities, for want of exercise and moral energy.

THUS this once great force seems destined to slip out of sight, lost in newer, more fervent movements of the soul. I suppose its narrowness has found it out. Could a cultured Nonconformity ever have fallen to Mr. George's common lure? I think not. Or a true Christian idealism fail so pitifully before the tests of the War and the Peace? Hard men, some of these fathers of Nonconformity, but true, with a clear, bold front to some of the more salient evils of our State life. And now their descendants have sunk to mere followers of the State, flatterers of its follies, apologists of its crimes. There are, I know, younger men in Nonconformity, ashamed of their chieftains' cowardice and want of insight. If they can speak, some Gideon-like remnant of Nonconformity may arise from out the leaderless, savorless mass. But there is no time to be lost in enlisting and marshalling them.

I ADD a second warning note (from a German professor of European reputation) on the economic condition and the political psychology of Germany. The mere physical stress is extreme. Hunger has by no means diminished, and the will to work, which was so strong in the brief interval of hopefulness which followed the peace, has been destroyed by the pressure of the Treaty, and is now much enfeebled. The mechanical difficulties are also severe. Coal must be exported, and the supply is so short that houses are not heated. The French take their quota, and, not wanting it, sell it back to the Germans at double the price. Even German scholarship, the pride of the nation, is declining because of the want of its raw material—the chance to travel, foreign books, and periodicals. In the Ruhr German industries are falling into French hands for lack of the wherewithal to run them. In all this distress, and the intellectual pessimism which signals it, lie the great danger of a collapse into Bolshevism, for lack of means to restore a cultured life, or to revive the faith and the working spirit of the people. In this German listlessness, therefore, lies the great danger for world-politics.

I KNEW Mr. Jesse Collings in the two later phases of his career—his rather fierce Unionism, and his benign and charming old age. He answered physically to Harcourt's chaffing identification of him with Canning's gentle shepherd, a shepherd capable of a smart rap with his crook on an offending head. The grand offence was to attack Mr. Chamberlain. Collings's simple soul had room for one idol only, and that was the member for West Birmingham, and he judged all men—including Gladstone—by their way of approach to the shrine. Chamberlain, most affectionate of men, warmed instantly to such love as this, and repaid it with richness and constancy. Collings's humble mind cherished no personal ambitions. It was enough for him to follow his leader and friend, and give him the benefit of his simple trust, and honest, if limited, political idealism.

How true the sayings of the wise turn out to be when we apply them to the doings of our little world! Take the excellent saying that everything comes to him

who waits, and transfer it to the case of the "Times" and Messrs. Lenin, Trotsky, Zinovieff, and the rest of the crew of Petrograd. For weeks the Prime Minister was warned by the "Times" of what would happen to him if he shook those bloody hands. Trotsky and Co. did nothing but go on with their business, and remain just as morally and politically reprehensible as they ever were. Yet in the largest type and the most honored pages of the "Times" I read a series of intimate, flattering, nay flirtatious, reports of the daily work of these Minotaurs, such as I should like to have had the chance of withholding from the chaste pages of THE NATION, so that I might convince myself of the essential moderation of my character and politics. But it is not my mind only that suffers from this pollution. It is my eye and my imagination that are tainted. For day after day as I open my "Times," I see, in single figures or in equally attractive groups, the faces of these demons, raised to a presentable—nay a Byronically handsome—humanity. I protest. Has the "Times" ever introduced me to the features of Denikin or the sainted Koltchak? Never! I have only my memories of the "Times's" elegies on the untimely fate of these heroes. But in these matters it is the artist who prevails, not the journalist, and fixes on history the impression that counts.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"DECADENCE."

It is a mark of the urbanity of English party politics, that the literary work of statesmen is invariably received with respect. This deference, even if it be snobbish, is less perfunctory and more sincere than the constrained praise which is commonly given to published work of princes. Englishmen really enjoy the act of recognizing the intellectual eminence even of those politicians from whom they differ violently. And yet, since Disraeli's novels, it would be hard to name anything of permanent value written by an English statesman—for the best work of Lord Morley was done before he attained high influence and office. Gladstone's scholarship was as conventional as his theology, and Lord Rosebery, at his best, was a dilettante. Mr. Balfour stirs in us no feeling strong enough to dispose us to intemperate criticism. The style is always agreeable, often graceful, and occasionally it rises to dignity. The personality is invariably well bred, and even when it seems most barren and negative, there is at intervals a feline dexterity in the dialectics which sustains a mild interest in the reader.

Yet in reading over his volume of *Essays** we confess to a sense of weariness. Some of them, like the addresses on Bacon and Psychical Research, are too slight to deserve republication, while the most substantial, that on Bergson, succeeds in using its greater length only to reveal more clearly the thinness and indecision of the thinking. The most characteristic of these papers is certainly the lecture on Decadence, which Mr. Balfour has placed first in this volume. The theme is one of deep and perennial interest. It matters little which end of the historic telescope one chooses to use, whether, that is to say, one looks for choice at the

progress or the decay of States and civilizations. It has been the chosen theme of a crowd of eminent minds, since history first became self-conscious in Montesquieu. Mr. Balfour, needless to say, has none but negative opinions. He disbelieves alike in any law of progress and in any inevitable tendency to decay, and he spends the greater part of his space in an equally negative analysis of the causes of the decay of the Roman Empire. It is easy to read, and one suspects that the charm of manner is used to cover pleasantly a rather slight acquaintance with the enormous literature of the subject. It interested us mainly by the omissions. Mr. Balfour contrives to discuss the various conditions making for decline and progress without mentioning the word "economic," and he treats the case of Rome without one reference to the transformation of its civilization by Christianity. Whatever view one takes of that phenomenon, the supplanting of a naturalistic and in the main rationalistic view of life by an invading Eastern creed, must have been of the first importance either in arresting or promoting decay. But the topic is dangerous, and Mr. Balfour avoids it. The omission of economic factors dates the writer. One must agree with Mr. Bertrand Russell's argument as to the practical dangers of the Marxist insistence on an exclusively economic interpretation of history, but Marx and contemporary experience have between them taught the generation that came after Mr. Balfour, that the historian who ignores economics has not begun to face his subject.

The question which Mr. Balfour treats in this essay was mildly academic when he wrote it. No one foresaw in 1908 that we should look out twelve years later upon a world in which the decadence of European civilization seems a hideous actuality. Is there, then, some law which prescribes the life-period of a State or of a civilization, as there are biological conditions which limit the life of plants and animals? It is inevitable that thoughtful men should begin to ask themselves this question with a passionate and personal interest entirely absent from Mr. Balfour's speculations. His statement of the question obscures, we think, whatever may be learned from a study of the history of the Roman Empire. Mr. Balfour's assumption, to begin with, that the root fact was the failure, at length, of a civilized Roman world to assimilate the barbarians, seems to us to misstate the problem. Was there, indeed, such a failure? Invading Franks and Goths in Gaul and Spain acquired a Latin speech, precisely as the original natives had done, and the wildest heathen among them were duly baptized. The prior question is rather as to the quality of the civilization which the barbarians found within the Empire at their coming. The influence of an ascetic morality upon art, and of a fierce dogmatism upon literature and speculation, had already made themselves felt. The Church, moreover, had come with its liberating and equalitarian creed to a population in which the slave predominated. An essentially proletarian culture had already displaced the aristocratic civilization of Rome and Greece. The economic causes which ruined the small farmers of Italy and replaced them by slave-run latifundia are, surely, in this tale of decadence, fundamental, and behind these again, there may well have been slow physical changes due to deforestation and the impoverishment of the soil.

A pragmatist would implore us to avoid such speculations to-day. What was a harmless exercise for a politician out of office in 1908, might well be poison to half the world to-day. We can imagine, for example, that Spengler's elaborate theory of the inevitable decay

* "Essays: Speculative and Political." (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.)

of all civilizations, which Dr. Peters reviewed in our issue of two weeks ago, may have on the mind of Germany to-day an influence more depressing than the Versailles Treaty itself. A society which felt in itself the will to recuperation would avoid the thought of decadence. The very word itself would be repressed by its subconscious law-giver as dangerous and unwholesome. It would be wiser, in such a case, to think of Jena, or even of the Thirty Years' War, calamities dire enough in themselves, which a firm will, or the lapse of time, enabled the nation to outlive. To preach, instead, that every civilization is a plant, native to some peculiar soil or environment, which has its cycle and its life-history limited to a thousand years, or thereabout, is to aggravate depression by fatalism. Germany needs a Fichte, and a Spengler is born. The pragmatist would have wished that his book had been written rather by an Englishman, or, still better, by a Frenchman. It is the victors, and not the vanquished, who stand in need of the moralist behind the triumphal car. It is we who require to be reminded that civilizations are perishable. In the co-operative work of destruction which was this war, ours are the hands that now alone control the levers. Unless we reverse them, the mystical plant of Spengler's metaphor may droop until it withers.

For our part (though we confess that we have not yet read Spengler's book) we should find it as difficult to adopt this fatalistic view of the course and life-history of civilization as to accept the Stoic belief in the world cycles. This conception of civilizations as mystical entities which repeat the same predestined permutations, seems to us to have as little relation to biology or economics, as the Hegelian Dialectic. Even if it were revealed to us in a vision that modern European civilization will go under, as Rome and Babylon and Egypt went under, we should still question whether any fatal uniformity linked these phenomena together. When one finds that individuals of a species normally live out their three-score years and ten (or whatever the average may be), one must omit from the calculation the obvious casualties due to external force and "the hand of God." You do not count men who were shot dead in the street if you want to discover the biological laws of human longevity. But, when one attempts to generalize, it turns out that several of these cases were casualties of this kind. Egypt fell to foreign conquest and to nothing else, and there is nothing in those portions of its history which are adequately known to suggest that the people of the Nile delta were ever warlike. Their liability to conquest was perennial. Babylon, we take it, was another case of the same kind. China, again, presents the peculiar phenomenon not of the death of a civilization, but of its arrest. A painter who used a big brush might indeed establish some alarming resemblances between the case of contemporary Europe and that of Rome. He might find in modern capitalism, with its tendency towards the amalgamation of businesses, the analogue of Italian latifundia. He might see in Communism the parallel to the proletarian culture which triumphed with the Church which imposed itself from below.

Two differences seem to us to wreck the comparison both on its economic and its cultural side. The first of them is that the pursuit of technical science on a long view makes it hazardous to base any economic pessimism on the present decline in European production. There are possible sources of energy which any day's invention might enable us to use, and in using bring back more than all the pre-war abundance. Again, there seems to us to be no such cleavage in kind between the culture

of the proletarian masses in our day and that of the leisured class, as there was between the Christian slave and his Stoic master. The difference is one of opportunity and degree. The modern proletarian culture is not negative, ascetic, and other-worldly. Its revolt, indeed, springs from a thirst to possess more abundantly the intellectual goods which the privileged have made their own. When the Russian Bolshevik "socializes" a Corot from a sugar-king's palace, he does not fling it on a bonfire of vanities. He puts it in a public gallery that all may enjoy it. Our nightmare is not that a proletarian triumph may destroy our present civilization. It is rather that a long and uncertain struggle between the capitalistic and the communist ideas may ruin the material basis of any civilization. We are not persuaded that the plant is doomed to wither when its millennial season is accomplished. But there is a risk that rival gardeners may trample the flower-bed to ruin.

THE AGE OF SPURGEON.

"HE was a survival," said Mr. Herbert Paul of Charles Spurgeon, "from an inquiring age, and the progress of education left him far behind. When Baptists could go to Balliol, what Spurgeon called primitive Christianity was destined to become as obsolete as the more open worship of the Devil." Such a verdict provoked heated controversy at the time it was written, sixteen years ago. It is doubtful how far it would provoke any controversy at all to-day. Spurgeon preached two things through the whole of his amazing career, the implacable anger of God against sinners, and the power of averting that anger obtained by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ for a portion of humanity which he had thus saved. He thundered with equal denunciation against the Devil, the Pope of Rome, and the Anglican Clergy; later, he thundered against all those who would not accept his doctrine of physical and eternal torment imposed by an angry God upon all who refused to believe on, or had not been reprieved by, His Son. And to the ethical conscience of any man looking from outside, his God and his Devil seemed somehow indistinguishable. With his musical voice, with dramatic interpretation, with skilled imagery, and with all the influence of one strong man standing out stern and self-assured among the vast crowds of weak and uncertain minds, he told them the meaning of their existence and the awful fate that awaited them, if they refused to seek succor from Jesus Christ against the torments of an unforgiving and omnipotent avenger. "When thou diest," is one typical passage from his sermons, "thy soul will be tormented alone; that will be a hell for it; but at the Day of Judgment, thy body will join thy soul, and then thou wilt have twin hells, thy soul sweating drops of blood and thy body suffused with agony. In fire exactly like that which we have on earth, thy body will be asbestos-like, for ever unconsumed, all thy veins roads for the feet of pain to travel on, every nerve a string on which the Devil shall play his diabolical tune of hell's unutterable lament." Here speaks the voice of mid-Victorian Protestant England, and by such utterances the boys and girls of the suburbs and shops of South London, though the appeal of a massed psychology, directed by a man with resolute will, were, maybe, scared into the practice of virtue, and violently shepherded into the Christian fold. To many fastidious critics, taking their cue from Matthew Arnold's first attack on the "Dis-sidence of Dissent" and the Protestantism of the Pro-

testant religion, there was something essentially vulgar about him.

This gospel was preached by a short, squat man, who looked rather like a grocer's assistant, "very fat and podgy," as one visitor described him, in a gigantic "Tabernacle" of atrocious architecture, and an atmosphere where the casual visitor can state "we find no one as low as a working man, no one who follows any liberal or learned profession." The crowds poured in from all the classes between these two, and were thrilled and startled in the dim light of the evening services by descriptions of the torments of hell, or the love of Christ. But whether it was Devil worship or not, there was, at least, nothing vulgar about it. The vulgarity lay rather in those who, with a certain intellectual fastidiousness, held that this mob of shabby, stoutish, semi-successful, shop-dwelling or villa-dwelling classes, looking mean, and living mean lives in mean surroundings, were unworthy of the challenge of a background of "the Eternities." Puritanism, from Knox, Calvin, or Bunyan, to Charles Spurgeon and William Booth, was never vulgar so long as it possessed that heart of fire which can cut through all temporal and ephemeral unpleasantness. It only becomes impossible when that fire has disappeared, and it endeavors to provide a substitute, sham, aesthetic architecture or pleasant Sunday afternoon for the voice which once challenged with authority all worldly success:—"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Mr. Fullerton in "C. H. Spurgeon, a Biography" (Williams & Norgate) has endeavored, not without success, and as a whole-hearted admirer, to tell once again the life of the man whom the historians of religion will probably reckon as the last great defendant of his creed. It would be a mistake perhaps to interpret this as a purely Protestant creed, for you can find it in Augustine's Confessions, and the exercises of Loyola, and sculptured on a hundred Cathedrals such as the West front of Bourges, and painted by a hundred known and unknown painters as in Signorelli's chapel at Orvieto. It is only distinctly Protestant because Protestantism definitely threw away that concession to human weakness and pity which interposed a Purgatory into the clean-cut division between everlasting happiness and everlasting torment, separated by a gulf which no soul could ever cross. Spurgeon came into a world which believed his ultimate theory of the universe with hardly a protest against it. He was not preaching to the heathen in China or Persia, and in all his early days the spectacle of the Atheist who refused to accept this scheme of salvation was a more awful figure than that of the adulterer or murderer. You could almost smell the flames of hell upon him. Spurgeon's function was to stir up a belief which was dormant into a belief which racked and terrified and pursued day and night until the desired result was obtained, and the soul found relief in a conviction that made all the vicissitudes of life appear but as a little thing. How far this belief produced a multiplication of actual commonplace kindness and compassion remains conjectural. He never attempted, as did General Booth, to turn these spiritual experiences into a machinery for social betterment; he took no part in public affairs; he maintained an orphanage, but he never let his immense influence be used in demanding social justice or (with the prophets of the Hebrews whose words he knew so well) "upraising the banner of the poor." He followed Gladstone when Gladstone was striking the shackles off Nonconformity. He repudiated Gladstone when he thought that statesman was delivering Ireland over to the Pope of Rome. No word of his remains in the history of human progress

in any degree comparable with that of other religious leaders of his time who had far less influence and popularity than his own: of Maurice and Kingsley, of Manning and Shaftesbury, of Doctor Dale and John Clifford. He spoke at times of the Christian virtues, exhorting tradesmen not to put sand with their sugar, and those who had become Christians to be cheerful and happy in their homes. But such proclamations would never have gained him his amazing power.

He was no ascetic. He loved life and its little enjoyments; though he cared little for money he was often reproached for leading a pretty comfortable existence, driving in from his pleasant house at Norwood to his tabernacle at Newington, and spending expensive holidays in the South of France. He outraged a certain section of his followers by the statement that whenever he smoked a pipe of tobacco he did so for the glory of God. He was not without some of the little vanities which are inseparable from the life of the popular orator who has been worshipped for a generation, and Doctor Parker at the end could write an open letter of extraordinary candour. "You are surrounded by offerers of incense. They flatter your weakness, they laugh at your jokes, they feed you with compliments. My dear Spurgeon, you are too big a man for this, take in more fresh air. Open your windows, even when the wind is in the East. Scatter your ecclesiastical harem."

Thus he seemed at the end as a figure extraordinarily unromantic, short, stout, drab; reading nothing, learning nothing, denouncing all progress in the Nonconformist churches, narrow, prejudiced, wilfully indifferent to the world outside. But there were things which made all this superficial judgment absurd. An iron and stone sincerity, a belief in that stern vision of the universe which has made his great predecessors in Calvinism stand out for courage and inflexible will; and the unanalyzable and incommunicable force of personality. Spurgeon had little intellect and no talent, but he had genius. Without external aid, poor and unbefriended, and with no new gospel, but only the reassertion of an old one, he swept through the life of mid-Victorian England with a power which, even as recorded to-day, appears something of a miracle. When he was nineteen he was restoring to life a derelict Baptist chapel in London; before he was twenty-five he could find no hall in the Metropolis big enough to hold his audiences. Of those who fought their way in to hear him in his first great meeting at the Surrey music hall, ten thousand persons entered the hall, ten thousand were unable to enter, and in a crush and panic seven were killed and twenty-eight seriously injured. When in those days he spoke in the open air, the crowd was only limited by the size of the field or heath or market place. And when he visited Scotland, in Edinburgh the doors of the churches were broken down by those who were determined to hear him; and five thousand tickets, ranging in price from a shilling to half-a-crown, were sold for his meeting before he entered the town of Aberdeen. For many years it was said that every American who came to England insisted on visiting two things, whatever else he missed, Stratford-on-Avon and Spurgeon's Tabernacle. And "I dinna want to die," said an old North Countryman, "till I gang to London to see Madame Tussaud's and hear Mr. Spurgeon."

He had an extraordinarily musical and appealing voice, equal to that of O'Connell or Gladstone. He had a wonderful command of pure and refined English, natural and quite untrained, but often not inferior to that of Bunyan or Newman, so that many of his sermons might be included with the speeches of John Bright in

any anthology of British prose. He possessed humor, though not of a very refined sort, a power of compelling and personal appeal, and a variation between terror and tenderness which enabled him to play upon the whole gamut of human emotion. And it might be said of him as the Earl of Morton said of John Knox at his grave: "He lies there who never feared the face of man." But it is doubtful if any of these qualities would have gained him the astonishing triumphs which accompanied his career, if it had not been for his fierce and complete absorption in the problem which dominated his soul. He could not, like O'Connell, have raised a whole nation from the dust, or, like Gladstone, have turned men's attention to the vindication of a moral law in regions outside their knowledge and interests. For him nothing mattered but heaven and hell, and the mass of trembling humanity that was passing so quickly and so casually to one or the other. He remains a figure more reputable because more concerned with great issues, and more set on the salvation of others as well as his own than most of the uncertain followers of the dead religions of to-day.

Communications.

WHAT IS DOMINION STATUS?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The recent discussions on "Dominion status" for Ireland have revealed the somewhat startling fact that the nature of Dominion status is seriously misunderstood in England. Not one of the eminent statesmen who have taken part in these discussions has shown any clear understanding of the nature and extent of the great constitutional changes which in the last three years have completed the transformation of the British Empire (so far as its white peoples are concerned) into a Commonwealth of autonomous States equal in sovereignty. Lord Grey's declaration showed that he was frankly not in favor of full Dominion status for Ireland: what he proposed for her was Colonial status of the kind which existed in Canada about 1860. Mr. Asquith demanded for Ireland "the status of an autonomous Dominion in the fullest and widest sense." But his definition of this status (in his letter to the "Times," and in his speech at Ayr, October 14th) at once revealed the fact that Dominion status means to him something which is very much less than it means to the Dominions. The status which he proposed to give to Ireland was, roughly, that possessed by the Dominions before the war—a status which has been radically altered by the great constitutional changes of 1917-20. Mr. Henderson, following somewhat confusedly after Mr. Asquith, had the courage to repudiate the limited and obsolete pre-war Dominion status offered by the latter, but missed the golden opportunity presented to him of demanding for Ireland the full-fledged Dominion status of 1920. Yet his letter, and the pronouncements of Labor in the last few months, show that it is this full form of Dominion status towards which Labor has been feeling its way.

For two reasons these misunderstandings are ominous. In the first place, they threaten the relations of England and the Dominions; in the second place, they threaten to destroy the one remaining hope of a reasonable solution of the Irish question. A solution of the Irish question on the basis of Dominion Home Rule involves a definition of Dominion status; and this means,

if it means anything, a definition of the status of Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand. In the making of this definition the Dominions are most vitally concerned. If this definition is not made in the closest consultation with the Dominions, a serious situation is likely to arise. If by any chance a definition were to be made in the sense in which Mr. Asquith makes it, and labelled, as he labels it, Dominion status "in the fullest and widest sense," it would instantly and emphatically be repudiated by the Dominions as a definition of their own status. The back-wash of such a repudiation would undermine, in all probability overwhelm, the nascent Irish settlement. For the settlement which Mr. Asquith desires, there is much to be said. But it is not full Dominion status. By labelling it as such, he has damned its chance of acceptance. If there are no Irishmen in Ireland who know what Dominion status is, there are certainly plenty in Australia and Canada, who will not leave their kinsmen long in ignorance.

The striking contrast between Mr. Asquith's conception of Dominion status, and the conceptions of the Dominion Prime Ministers, and also of the present British Government—speaking through Lord Milner—may be shown by placing their respective declarations side by side. In his speech at Ayr Mr. Asquith stated that he did not see "any difficulty whatever" with regard to "strategy and foreign policy." "No Dominion," he said, "claimed anything more than a consultative voice in these matters. . . ." Nor did he see any difficulty with regard to danger from Irish ports in time of war; because, he said, "it was a cardinal principle with the self-governing Dominions of the Crown that the Imperial Navy should have free access to, and unrestricted use of, all their ports for all naval purposes." In another portion of his speech he appeared to imply that the legislative autonomy of the Dominions applied only to "matters of local concern." In his speeches in the South African Treaty debate (September 10th and 11th, 1919) General Smuts presented a very different picture. Summing up the developments of 1918-19, he said:—

"We have received a position of absolute equality and freedom, not only among the other States of the Empire, but among the other nations of the world."

This equality, he pointed out, extended to foreign affairs as to all other things:—

"As a result of the Conference in Paris, the Dominions in future would in regard to foreign affairs deal through their own representatives. The Dominions of the Empire would in future, therefore, stand on a basis of absolute equality."

With regard to the complete legislative autonomy of the Dominions, he was equally explicit. "Constitutionally," he said, "the Union Parliament was the legislative power for the Union, and the doctrine that the British Parliament was the sovereign legislative power for the Empire no longer held good." Statements of a similar character were made in the Canadian Treaty debate, and have been repeated on numerous occasions since by all the leading Ministers in Canada, South Africa, and Australia.

The principle of equality of status has, moreover, been definitely accepted by the British Government. On July 9th, 1919, Lord Milner stated that: "The only possibility of a continuance of the British Empire is on a basis of absolute out-and-out equal partnership between the United Kingdom and the Dominions. I say that without any kind of reservation whatsoever." On June 17th, 1920, in the House of Lords, he pledged the British Government to acceptance of the position that "there is no kind of authority which in practice (whatever may

be the theory of the Constitution) the Parliament and people of the United Kingdom claim any longer to exercise over the Parliaments and peoples of the self-governing Dominions. We frankly accept the position that we are partner-nations of equal status."

As Lord Milner indicates, this conception of absolute equality of status may still conflict in certain respects with the *legal theory* of the Constitution (as distinguished from its *constitutional practice*), and it is for the purpose of removing such conflict that the special Constitutional Conference is to meet next year. When it does meet, it is certain that the Dominions will demand and will secure complete equality of status in respect of the whole field of government—legislative, executive, and judicial. In view of these statements and of the constitutional developments to which they refer, it will be seen Mr. Asquith's conception of Dominion status as involving the right of the Dominions to little more than a consultative voice in foreign relations, and as involving the subordination of Dominion ports to the will of the British Navy—is, to say the least, extremely inaccurate.

In order to make clear the position of the Dominions in respect of foreign relations, it is necessary to refer in a little detail to the developments of the last two or three years. In these years, not only have the Dominions asserted, and Great Britain accepted, the principle of equality of status in respect of foreign relations of all kinds, but they have also worked out a very interesting procedure whereby it may be secured. In working out and applying this procedure, they have built up new and exceedingly important conventions of the Constitution; and it is these conventions, not legal theory, which determine the nature of the Constitution of the British Commonwealth—just as the convention that the Crown shall act only through, and on the advice of, its Ministers, determines the character of the British Constitution. These conventions are: First, that in respect of what we may call "group" matters (that is, vital questions of foreign policy in which formal action by the Crown involves each State of the group, such as a declaration of war, the ratification of a treaty, &c.), the Crown shall not take action unless advised thereto by each responsible Government of the group of States. This convention has been formulated by the Dominion Governments, accepted by the British Government, and put into operation on a number of occasions. As will be seen the convention implies unanimity on group questions. "There is no power . . . in the Constitution as it exists," Lord Milner said in the speech just quoted, "to impose the will of the majority upon one dissentient or recalcitrant member. If they are not agreed, common action is not possible."

The second convention is that in respect of "national" questions of foreign policy (*e.g.*, commercial treaties, immigration, merchant shipping, the appointment of diplomatic agents) the Crown shall set in motion on behalf of the Dominions the sovereign powers vested in it, on the advice and responsibility of the Government of the particular Dominion concerned. In a crude form this second convention has been in existence for many years: its existence in a more complete form has been shown in the decision that a Canadian Ambassador at Washington should be appointed by His Majesty on the advice of his Canadian Ministers.*

* The documents and correspondence upon which these statements have been based were revealed in the Canadian Treaty Debates and in *Sessional Paper 41* (Canada, 1919). They have been ignored by the British Press, and are practically unknown in this country. In justice to myself I may perhaps be permitted to refer to my full treatment of the subject in a recently published book: "The British Commonwealth of Nations."

The answer to the question: "What is Dominion status?" may, therefore, be summed up very roughly as follows: Dominion status means a status of absolute equality with the Mother Country as regards the whole field of government. That is, it means, amongst other things:—

(1) The right of equal participation in group questions of high policy, and of independent action in all other "national" matters, including the appointment of diplomatic agents.

(2) Equal rights with regard to Army and Navy, including the movements of warships, the control of ports, &c.

(3) Complete legislative autonomy in external as well as internal matters—including also the *constitutional right* of secession (not the legal right, since the British Parliament itself could not secure this in face of the King's veto without resort to a legal revolution).

British statesmen may have a good case for offering Ireland less than this; but, if they do, they must admit frankly that they are not offering her full Dominion status.

But everything points to the conclusion that nothing less than full Dominion status will really meet the situation. Nothing but generosity on this scale will satisfy the Irish people, or reinstate England in the proud place in the world's regard from which she has fallen through her handling of the Irish question. Ireland has too much need of England to be likely to abuse this generosity by breaking completely away from her. Indeed, the situation is rather as it was once put in conversation by Mr. Bernard Shaw: "We need England. If she attempts to break away from us, we'll simply have to reconquer her." There is clearly some little justification in England's feeling, that though Ireland may become a Dominion, the fact that she is on this, and not the other side of the Atlantic, should make some difference with regard to her possession of armaments. But, equally clearly, England has lost the moral right to dictate that difference. It can only be dictated (as Mr. Wilson Harris has suggested) by another body and on entirely different grounds. As part of a general policy of reduction of armaments, it can quite legitimately be laid down by the League of Nations as a condition of Ireland's admission to the League (and entry into the League should be made a condition of the grant of Dominion status), that, as a new State entering the League without armaments, she should undertake to remain unarmed.

One practical conclusion of great importance remains to be drawn. As already pointed out, the giving of Dominion status to Ireland is a matter which vitally concerns the Dominions, since it involves a definition of their own status. It should, therefore, be treated as part of the great settlement of the constitutional relations of the Empire which is shortly to take place. But nine to twelve months at least must elapse before any Imperial Conference can meet. Advantage might, however, be taken of the presence of leading Ministers from the Dominions at the meeting of the Assembly of the League this month—if by some miracle a change of heart comes so soon at No. 10, Downing Street—to draw up the lines of a provisional settlement.—Yours, &c.,

H. DUNCAN HALL.

Oxford, November 3rd, 1920.

Letters to the Editor.

PEACE WITH IRELAND.

SIR,—Will you allow us to call attention to the protest, signed by a non-party committee, which appeared in the "Times" of November 18th against the present conduct of the Government in Ireland?

We think that no words of reprobation can be too strong for the detestable series of murders and other outrages committed by the agents and adherents of Sinn Fein. But we feel at least an equal horror at the similar acts, of which the victims have often been admittedly innocent people, recently committed in Ireland by persons in the pay and service of the State, and at the omission of the members of the Government to condemn these atrocities with any force or sincerity, or even to allow an impartial investigation.

If we are asked what special concern we, as Cambridge men, have in these matters, we would call to mind the general condemnation of the representatives of the German universities for uttering no word of protest against the conduct of their Government during the war. Without wishing to institute odious comparisons between the methods of the British and German Governments, we feel bound to protest against official actions and inactions which must bring, and indeed have brought, disgrace upon the name of our country.

All members of the University who wish to associate themselves with the second paragraph of this letter are asked to send their names to Mr. J. R. M. Butler, Trinity College, or Mr. T. H. Searls, Trinity Hall, who is acting as Secretary of the Cambridge University branch of the Peace with Ireland Council.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY BOND.	JAMES PASSANT.
J. R. M. BUTLER.	D. R. PYE.
G. A. CHASE.	ST. JOHN PYM.
J. H. CLAPHAM.	ARTHUR QUILLER-ROUCH.
F. M. CORNFORD.	A. S. RAMSEY.
HORACE DARWIN.	CHARLES E. RAVEN.
EDWARD DAVISON.	W. H. R. RIVERS.
A. S. EDDINGTON.	C. B. ROTHAM.
C. R. FAY.	D. H. ROBERTSON.
A. HENDERSON.	F. R. SALTER.
H. D. HENDERSON.	A. C. SEWARD.
J. M. KEYNES.	G. G. SHARP.
J. H. LEWIS.	A. E. SHIPLEY.
ARNOLD D. MCNAIR.	F. A. SIMPSON.
R. ST. JOHN PARRY.	S. E. SWANN.

IRELAND AND "THE NATION."

SIR,—I hope you will see your way to make an exception in my case to your usual rule of refusing publication to anonymous letters. The Imperial Postal Censors are somewhat touchy in Ireland, and I think you know enough of the conditions pertaining over here to realize that Irishmen cannot send letters to the Press criticizing the Government with impunity.

I write to thank you for your splendid efforts on behalf of this country. You are doing incalculable good by your articles, for you are showing us over here that there are some decent Englishmen left, and thus doing something to stem the torrents of hate now flowing between our two countries. You must not think that the absence of letters from Irish correspondents is due to anything but fear; your journal is widely read and appreciated, and is extensively quoted in our Provincial Press.

I am not sure, however, that it is altogether safe to leave THE NATION lying about in our homes; its name is quite enough to make the ordinary Black-and-Tan "see red." If you were to change its name to "The Imperialist" and to print the motto "On whose Empire the sun never sets" prominently on the front page, I dare say we might keep it openly and with impunity!—Yours, &c.,

AN UNKNOWN VICTIM.

IRELAND AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

SIR,—Although I totally disagree with the attitude which you take upon the Irish question, at the same time I know from experience that you always open your columns to opinions that are most probably at variance with yours.

Writing as a Catholic myself, there appears to me one

aspect of the horrible condition of affairs in Ireland which has been rather studiously avoided, but which will have to be faced now or later. I refer to the attitude of the Catholic clergy. Having travelled pretty extensively in Catholic countries and others, I have always been impressed by the influence the priests could exert over their flocks, in my private opinion, generally for their weal. In Ireland, I regret to say, such does not appear to be the case. In Archbishop Mannix, one finds a fanatic revolutionary who goes unmolested, and, to the astonishment of many English Catholics, appears to be tolerated amiably by English Prelates of his persuasion. I seem to have drunk a toast in the past at Catholic banquets wherein the Pope and the King were coupled, and which was emblematic of loyalty to the one as well as devotion to the other. Further, I know it to be one of the tenets of the Catholic Church that we should cheerfully obey constitutionally appointed authority. I do not suppose I am exceptional, therefore, in being considerably perplexed over the attitude of the Irish Catholic clergy in Ireland and those of that race—and there are many—who are serving as priests in England. His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, in a recent letter to the "Times," pleaded for common sense and fellowship in dealing with the Irish question. It seems a pity that the rank and file of the Irish clergy in this country could not follow such a very excellent lead, and that the English lay Catholic is left to wonder why the influence of his Church in Ireland has not been used to better and more common-sense purpose.—Yours, &c.,

ALAN LETHBRIDGE.

Stockwood House, Keynsham, Somerset.
November 24th, 1920.

THE IRISHMAN'S GRIEVANCE—MINORITY RULE.

SIR,—One very great obstacle to peace in Ireland comes from the ignorance by Englishmen of the source of trouble. Quite recently Mr. Leicester Harmsworth writes in the "Times" that an Irishman's grievance is not worth the life of a moderate Sinn Féiner. May I very shortly try, through you, to explain to him and others of his kind what the grievance is?

There are only two ways of ruling any people. One is by brute force. "These are the laws which you will obey. We make them, and we think them good. They will be administered by us in our interests, and, as far as these do not conflict, in yours." This is the method by which we rule our eight to ten million square miles of subject possessions in Asia and Africa. Its success and its justice depend on the hazard of personality in the administrator. We have never dared openly to admit that we hold down the great Christian white race of Irish by such means. We get round this position by lying.

The other mode is by the consent of the MAJORITY, shown either by voting or by their willing assistance in the enforcement of the laws. This is the mode by which we profess to govern ourselves and to govern Ireland. It stands for the fullest satisfaction of human liberty. How entirely our rule and our laws in Ireland are the negation of every guarantee of liberty is shown by the fact that hardly one of the Irish Parliamentary representatives will even take the oath of allegiance.

The Irishman's grievance—it remains, and will remain—is this. Whether it takes the form, as in the past, of statutory law, as Poynings or Kilkenny, of feudal robbery of Irishmen's land by Elizabeth and James, of the Germanlike translation of whole populations from the soil, as by James and Cromwell, of penal disabilities in the name of religion to hinder commerce and social progress by William and Anne and the Georges, of the destruction in all centuries of Irish industries in the interests of the larger island, of the exportation of corn to pay rent to absentee landlords and so create Irish famine, under Victoria, or the murder of women and children and the towns and villages by the Black-and-Tans or whatever may be the future form of action; the grievance

is the same, that Ireland is and always has been ruled, not by the will or in the interests of the majority, but by and in the interests of a minority of aliens, and lately of a small and irreconcilable minority, who, themselves never persecuted, have throughout history, to these last days, persecuted, killed, robbed, and driven from their labor and homes those who differed from them in creed and political views. Until the Anglo-Scots and their Welsh jackals will recognize the elementary rule of the majority, and compel the ultra-Tory in the four counties of Ulster to obey the expressed will of the majority of the Irish people, the only question which will arise is what form, whether murder, arson, or starvation, will be used by "those fellows at Westminster," as Sir Edward Carson called them, to cow the people whom they can neither subdue nor rule. The first principle of democracy is the rule of the majority.—Yours, &c.,

J. W. JEUDWINE.

"THE CASE OF CONSTANTINE I."

SIR,—I have read your appreciative review of Mr. Hibben's book, and beg leave to endorse—from information collected quite independently—his statement of the case. It may be of interest to inform your readers that this American plea for justice is in essence identical to one I attempted some time ago and was prevented from publishing by the censor. Other efforts I made to reach the public during the last three years were similarly frustrated, and the myth about King Constantine's "treachery"—except for an occasional protest from you—remained unchallenged, so efficacious is our modern machinery for crushing free speech. Beside it, even the Spanish Inquisition in its prime was a clumsy and utterly amateurish contrivance.

I am no more of a Royalist than your "Wayfarer"; but, like him, I hold King Constantine's "pro-Germanism" to be a legend—a legend born in Crete, adopted by Paris, and nursed to a vigorous monstrosity by the combined resources of many Governments. The war is over, yet the legend persists and gathers strength. M. Venizelos, having found Greece too hot, migrates to France, and forthwith the French Press spreads a rumor that King Constantine, now that he is assured of returning to Athens, has invited the ex-Kaiser to Corfu! King Constantine, with his usual directness, has described the story as "a damned lie"—which it is on the very face of it. But who will believe him? The European world, which has for years been fed on equally grotesque lies in everything concerning him, has long since lost all capacity for detecting them. It was left for an American to tell the British public the truth: and even now, as far as I can learn, yours is the only paper in this country that has had the courage to notice his exposure of a conspiracy such as Europe has not known since the days of the Popish Plot.—Yours, &c.,

G. F. ABBOTT.

10, Elm Park Road, Chelsea.

THE SCOTTISH LIQUOR POLLS.

SIR,—I read with interest Mr. Arthur Sherwell's contribution to your issue of last week on the result of the Scottish Liquor Polls.

When analyzing the causes of what Mr. Sherwell calls "the failure of No Licence," the following two factors, which he does not mention, and of the first of which your readers may not be aware, require to be borne in mind: First, to carry "No Licence" in any area, 35 per cent. of the electorate must vote in favor of that option; while, as a further handicap, those actually voting "No Licence" must represent 55 per cent. of the total number of electors voting. One can see how heavily the dice is loaded against "No Licence." Let me give an illustration. In Camphill, one of the areas in Glasgow under the Act, there voted:—

For No Licence	5,139
For Limitation	360
For No Change	3,806

Quite a substantial majority, one would say, for "No Licence," yet, owing to the operation of the 55 per cent. clause,

"No Licence" was, in fact, only carried by 21 votes. Had a simple majority only been required, a considerable additional number of areas would have gone dry. In Glasgow, for instance, which is divided into thirty-seven areas, instead of four of these declaring for the extinction of public house, &c., licences, twelve would now have been "No Licence" areas, and that by no mean excess of votes either. The actual number of votes cast in these areas were:—

For No Licence	55,606
For Limitation	4,086
For No Change	44,838

Second: Up till now, despite the activity of the Temperance Party, large sections of the people have taken no direct interest in temperance questions. The responsibility with which they were faced at this election compelled them, however, to come to some decision on the question. Unfortunately, the inertia force in any community is very great. The first instinct in most men and women who are faced with a new responsibility is to declare for "No Change."

But what of the future? The Scottish people are habitually whole-hearted in whatever line of policy they select. An interesting side-light on that is the trifling vote cast almost universally for Limitation. The whole, or practically the whole vote in every case, was either for "No Licence" or "No Change." The policy of public management, to which I believe Mr. Sherwell subscribes, and which he would like to have seen available as an option, has found practically no support in Scotland among any school of thinkers. It is not a live issue, and, personally, I trust sufficient support will never be forthcoming to make it one. For, if there is one thing worse than having the effects of liquor drinking produced by private traders, it would be to have the same results brought about by State agencies.

It seems to me the factors influencing the future will be somewhat as follows:—

1. Until the next poll, each and every individual will have a much more direct feeling of responsibility for the condition of the district in which he resides—and he has three years to think it over; the inertia will have time to wear off.

2. Those working for "No Licence" now know exactly where they stand, and the strength of the "No Licence" sentiment in each area, and will be able to arrange their plans accordingly.

3. The "No Licence" districts, we hope and believe, will be object-lessons to the wet areas, and provide an impressive demonstration at the end of the three years of the value of the "No Licence" policy.

I think I have said sufficient to show that, far from being the failure Mr. Sherwell endeavors to make us believe, the policy followed by the Scottish Temperance Party in the past, and which is commencing to bear fruit to-day, has been the right one, and that each poll hereafter will show a great and still greater part of the people of Scotland taking the same view as that party, of the effect of liquor and the liquor trade. That hope and belief the result of the elections, which, after all, represent only a beginning, has, I think, confirmed.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT PATERSON.

182, Hyndland Road, Glasgow.

THE PLUMAGE BILL.

SIR,—In your issue of the 13th inst., there appears a letter written by Sir Harry Johnston in reply to one directed by my Association to all the signatories of an appeal on behalf of the Plumage Bill which was published recently in the "Times." I enclose for your information a copy of my Association's letter, and I think you will agree that in tone and manners it contrasts somewhat remarkably with Sir H. Johnston's spluttering outburst.

Sir H. Johnston insinuates a claim to pontifical omniscience which is rarely conceded to human beings. In his own case it is particularly unconvincing, as even on the problems of bird-life, on which he clearly regards himself as the only authority of any account, he has been repeatedly proved wrong-headed and misinformed. I need only refer

to the overwhelming exposure in 1913 of his suggestion that the alleged increase of Tsetse flies, and consequently of sleeping sickness, was due to the slaughter of birds for their plumage; and to his subsequent controversy with the British Resident at Nepal, in the course of which his many misstatements in regard to the laws and avifauna of that State were so severely handled that Sir H. Johnston preferred to drop the subject.

I fear I must be guilty of the "hardihood" of hinting at the possibility that his information in regard to egrets in India and Venezuela, and to birds of paradise in New Guinea, may be equally inaccurate and out-of-date. The evidence is abundant that, in fact, it is so. But what is the use of talking of evidence to Sir H. Johnston? Against such panoplied and truculent self-sufficiency I freely confess I am impotent.

For the benefit, however, of those whose minds, unlike Sir H. Johnston's, are not closed against facts and arguments, will you allow me to say—

- (1) That the Plumage Bill cannot and will not save the life of a single bird in any part of the world;
- (2) That its chief effect will be to drive the trade in fancy feathers away from London and to some Continental port like Antwerp or Hamburg;
- (3) That if the trade in fancy feathers goes, the trade in ostrich plumage must inevitably follow it;
- (4) That over 3,000 British women and girls will thus be thrown out of employment;
- (5) That the allegations of cruelty in the procuring of egret and bird of paradise plumes are based on obsolete information that has no reference to the current practices of the industry; and
- (6) That in regard to neither bird is there the slightest danger of extermination?—Yours, &c.,

J. E. H. BAKER, Hon. Secretary,
Ostrich and Fancy Feather Trade Association.
27-31, Earl Street, Finsbury Square, London, E.C. 2.
November 17th, 1920.

[We have over and over again exposed the falsehood of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.—Ed., NATION.]

LINCOLN AND HIS GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

SIR,—In a letter to THE NATION a short time ago a lady informed its readers that Abraham Lincoln was a Free-thinker, and that the words "under God" were not originally in his famous Gettysburg address, but were long afterwards interpolated by some unscrupulous pietists for the instruction of the young.

Whether President Lincoln was a Freethinker or not I am unable to say, but the lady's second assertion is without foundation in fact. The public library here has in its files a copy of the "New York Tribune" of November 20th, 1863 (the day after the delivery of the address in question), which contains a full report of what the President said on that occasion. I have just examined this report, and I affirm that the words "under God" distinctly occur in the address, and are, therefore, not a fraudulent addition made long afterwards.—Yours, &c.,

T. E. WOODWARD.

New York. November 4th, 1920.

A CHINESE PARABLE.

SIR,—Having frequently read with pleasure the little parables which you often include in the "Holiday Moods" at the end of your "London Diary," it occurs to me that the following little experience told by a Chinese colleague of mine at supper to-night might interest you.

He was once invited to a dinner at which there were eight people present. On the table were placed a number of succulent dishes, but only two spoons had been provided. These were firmly seized by two of the guests, who, raising them, politely urged the others "to help themselves," while they suited the action to the word. The rest watched hungrily for some time; then one of them, remarking that he was about to accept their kind invitation, seized one of the tastiest dishes in both hands and emptied its contents down his throat.—Yours, &c.,

L. TOMKINSON.

Am. Church Mission, Kiukiang, China.

TRANSLATIONS.

SIR,—In your issue of November 13th, 1920, Mr. Edward Storer's translation of Asclepiades is mentioned. In the review occurs the phrase "... Asclepiades (about whose date he is nearly two centuries out)." Your reviewer is mistaken. These epigrams are usually attributed to Asclepiades of Samos; he was known as Sicelidas to Theocritus (VII., 40), and to Meleager, who gives him the emblem of the windflower in his Garland. This Asclepiades, as Mr. Storer correctly says, was a contemporary or predecessor of Theocritus, and lived in the early part of the third century B.C. How then is Mr. Storer "nearly two centuries out"? If your reviewer will look at Pott's "Greek Love Songs and Epigrams," p. 25, he will find these remarks confirmed. It is true that Jacobs says there were other poets named Asclepiades whose poems in the Anthology have been attributed to Asclepiades of Samos, but this Asclepiades is the most important, and the author to whom they are generally attributed. To discuss such questions at length would be quite contrary to the end proposed for our series; it is a matter for the expert scholar, not for the literary translator. But as far as he goes, Mr. Storer is right and follows the tradition.

As to the "literal-literary" method of translating, it is quite obvious that your reviewer is ignorant of the best modern practice, which is that of France. For my part, I would rather err with Leconte de Lisle and Mr. Mackail than be right with Mr. Pott and your reviewer.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Chapel Farm Cottage, Hermitage, Newbury, Berks.

VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged in THE NATION	1,507	6	2
"Gratias"	0	10	0
W. D. S.	0	4	0
	£1,508	0	2

Poetry.

"LOW TIDE."

THE tide draws out across the dappled sand,
Threading the streams, grey-veining all its brown
Ribbed firmness: and the light shrinks to a band
Of faded yellow; till the dark creeps down,
Folding a lost wind drifting through the town.

Dark folds me too, and the wind walks with me
A tireless traveller. How his feet have strayed
Beside the sand hills; how his hands made free
Among my hair, a deeper dusk in shade
Blown as dead leaves hang from a tree decayed.

So from me too life ebbs, and following so,
The quiet pool dwindles and the silver vein;
Till brown and bare and barren I must grow
To feel the impress of each foot a pain
And every rock a dark dream of my brain.

Dream-bound I lie and feel a child delay
Above my head to pull the seaweed there;
And the dear wind, my fellow-traveller, stay
To stroke my feet or tumble in my hair
Or blind with sand the idler's sullen stare.

I am the sand. But would I were the sea,
To clasp and kiss and kill, to laugh and run
To scatter beauty and to make love free
As wave meets wave beneath the amorous sun,
To smile and spread and mingle one by one.

Passive I lie night-long. Pale day upsprings,
And up dry channels surges life anew;
And breathless in the staggering wind joy flings
My body upright; and the first clear blue
Splits in a flash the eastern curtain through.

MARY STELLA EDWARDS.

A NEW WORLD MAY BE BUILT

out of the chaos of Central Europe if you will do your part. The Friends' Emergency and War Victims Relief Committee has workers in all the stricken areas.

LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS

of a better understanding by helping the women and children to overcome the menace of disease and famine.

DO YOU REALISE

that the distress in Central Europe is desperate even to-day? Women and little children are fighting a losing battle against hunger and want.

There are thousands of women and children in Vienna and other Austrian towns at the present time who face the oncoming winter without adequate clothing and with such impaired vitality that they are threatened with starvation. Friends have chiefly concentrated their efforts on the children of six years and under to save them from the terrible consequence of semi-starvation in the first years of life. Some 45,000 such children are being fed in Vienna alone. They appeal for sympathy as

INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE WAR.

In the Cologne area, at the suggestion of British Officers and with their help, we have undertaken to provide one substantial meal a day to 20,000 underfed children. Other measures are dealing with middle-class relief in Frankfurt, Berlin, &c. In Poland the need for all forms of aid cannot be overstated. There were 231,206 cases of typhus in 1919, and everything points to an equally widespread epidemic this winter. Our units are engaged in many varied ways in fighting disease and starvation. We firmly believe that

THE ONLY HOPE

for the rebuilding of Europe lies in the establishment of friendship, however hard that may seem, and there is nothing so likely to promote this end as generosity towards the children even of our former "enemies."

CAN YOU HELP?

THE NEED IS URGENT—

Some matters can wait, but do not forget to respond to the call of stricken Europe.

Send Your Gift To-day

Mentioning "The Nation" to the FRIENDS' EMERGENCY AND WAR VICTIMS' RELIEF COMMITTEE (Hon. Sec., A. Ruth Fry), 27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

Gifts of Clothing (new or partly worn) will be welcomed at the Warehouse, 5, New Street Hill, London, E.C. 4.

One "take this" is better than ten of "God Help You."—Old Proverb.

PELMANISM AND FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

GREAT SUCCESS OF NEW METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

An important revival of interest in the study of Foreign Languages and Foreign Literature is taking place in this country at the present time.

Circles for the study of Foreign Languages are being formed all over the country, books and pamphlets on various aspects of Foreign Literature are being eagerly read, and the work of the Modern Language Association is proceeding apace.

All this is very gratifying, for, as the Government Committee on the subject has recently reported, a better knowledge of Foreign Languages has become "a National necessity."

Too long have British people remained in a position of "splendid isolation" in this matter. We must learn Foreign Languages in order to understand our Continental neighbours in the future better than we have done in the past. We must learn Foreign Languages for purposes of Trade and Commerce. We must learn Foreign Languages in order to improve and widen our own minds. And for these and other reasons the number of people who are taking up the study of Modern Languages is increasing with considerable rapidity.

NO TRANSLATION.

Amongst the agencies which are contributing to this revival of interest in Foreign Languages is the famous Pelman Institute.

This Institute, which has already accomplished such remarkable work in the realm of Mind-Training, has now opened a special department for teaching Foreign Languages through the post by a new and most interesting and effective method.

One of the reasons why so many people have failed to learn, say, French, is because they have been taught by the wrong method.

The wrong method of learning French is to study it as though it were a dead language such as Latin or Greek—i.e., through the medium of English.

If you want to learn French easily and effectively it is necessary to learn it in French and not by any method involving translation into English.

In other words, the whole of the instruction should be given in French, and for the time being the English Language should be entirely excluded from the mind.

This is the method which has been adopted by the Pelman Institute. It is described in a little book entitled "How to Learn French," a copy of which can be obtained, gratis and post-free, on application to the address given below.

The Pelman French Course is written entirely in French. There is not an English word in it. And yet—so simple and effective is the method employed—anyone, even without knowing a word of French to begin with, can take this Course and start learning French right away without looking up the meaning of any words in a French-English dictionary, and without spending hours studying complicated rules of Grammar. This sounds almost impossible, yet it is perfectly true, as you will see for yourself when you take the first lesson.

EASY AND EFFECTIVE.

The Pelman method is certainly the easiest and most effective method of learning French that has ever been devised.

So simple is this method that it enables you to speak, write, and read French fluently and correctly in about one-third the usual time, and without that hesitation which comes when French is acquired, as it too often is, through the medium of translation. Write to-day for full particulars and a free copy of "How to Learn French" to the Pelman Institute (Modern Languages Department), 65, Bloomsbury Mansions, Hart Street, London, W.C. 1.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"John Clare. Poems. Chiefly from Manuscript." Selected and edited by Edmund Blunden and Alan Porter. (Cobden Sanderson. 10s. 6d.)

"Essays on Books." By A. Clutton-Brock. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The Goldfinches." Poems. By Sylvia Lynd. (Cobden Sanderson. 3s. 6d.)

"Industrial Problems and Disputes." By Lord Askwith. (Murray. 21s.)

* * *

"THE Nonsense About the Classics"! I turned over the page with a trembling hand (it was a correspondence page of a recent number of "The New Statesman") to see who was thus walking up the aisle, not only with his hat on, but on the side of his head. It was Sir Harry Johnston, and these are some of the awful things he had to say:—

"But the protests are exasperating (he means the protests of the classical champions against irreverence to classicism) for the protesters reproduce arguments as stale or as false as those used by the plumage traders in their defence of an iniquitous trade. . . . It is because the dons and schoolmasters have learnt—alas!—nothing else, that they still plead for the privilege of wasting young people's time and brains over these early efforts of Mediterranean Man to philosophize on very little data, on these very dreary comedies with their Neolithic humor, these unreal tragedies, these concocted histories, this turgid poetry with its stale tropes and inapposite similes."

* * *

I CAUGHT my breath a little here and felt myself blench. But there was more terror and triumph to come. The blasphemer went on to speak of translations.

"From such translations there can be rapidly conveyed to those curious as to the Mediterranean element in our culture, a comprehensive and fairly accurate idea of the rapid, diffuse, confused, reiterated, ill-founded philosophies, sentiments, ideals, records and aspirations of the Greeks and Romans who lived between 1000 B.C. and A.D. 500."

Almost the only book, adds this disturber of the peace of centuries, which is of real human interest, is Apuleius's "Golden Ass," and that is mainly read for its obscenity. The reader will be mildly surprised at my emotionalism. Anybody would think, he will murmur, that Sir Harry Johnston were propounding some new gospel of darling diabolism, and that he had turned the writer's (my) head giddy with oscillating between attraction and repulsion for it. The reader will say that because he or she cannot possibly understand the effect of Sir Harry Johnston's letter upon me individually. The reader does not know that I wasted six of the best years of my life learning the classics at a public school, and spent the next sixteen attempting in vain to catch up to the average educated man in my milieu who had had the bad form not to go to a public school. Though there must have been several years in which I worked four times as hard as this average educated person, to this day I have never made up for those six years in which I learned nothing whatever. They remind me of those cuts in sixteenth and seventeenth century "Emblem" books, in which a ponderous man, with turtle dove wings fastened to his scapulars, rises on one leg towards heaven, but is restrained to earth by a monstrous chain fastened to a lump of lead. It is labelled "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil." I should call it "Alma Mater." In the second place, the reader does not know that I still retain a superstitious, a craven awe for the classics, which gives me to shudder when I read an attack on them (a thing I have never dared to do), to shudder with delight and fear. An attack on the classics causes the same emotion in me now as I felt when, a callow youth, I heard of the undergraduate who used the leaves of his Bible as shaving-paper. "To those curious as to the Mediterranean element in our culture. . ." —that was the wiping of the blade.

WHEN I was at a public school I had the extraordinary fortune to be for a spell under a master who knew something else beside classics, and to that chance in a hundred I alone owe the survival of any desire for knowledge. Had it not been for him, I should not only have never learned anything subsequently, but never found out that I had anything to learn. Had it not been for him, the classics would now be as foreign to me as the Kirghiz dialect of the Asiatic steppes. But the wish to know implanted in me by him gave me the bright idea of the sparkling Elizabethan translations of them. Perhaps this is the most formidable charge against the public school and classical education—they kill the desire for knowledge. That most precious of germinal variations belongs to every normal child, and to destroy it is murder. Possibly the class system is the flower-killer. In my classes I remember that two or three boys out of the whole class took an interest in the master's teaching and that the rest thought about the flies on the ceiling, because if they had thought about something which really stimulated their cerebral cortexes, they would have been called to attention for inattention. So, of course, they concentrated upon pretending to attend, while the two or three champions who genuinely did attend did so only because of the fruits of attention—scholarships. The result is that the public schoolboy achieves manhood naked, but, alas! not shivering. They are like our first parents were before the fruit-season. Sir Harry Johnston says that an ignorance of anthropology lies at the back of all the maladministration of the Empire, and that it is the main cause of international discord. The classics are a fraction of anthropology, yet no boy leaving school has the faintest idea of what the word means. All he can do is to translate it. The public schoolboy fostered on classics is totally ignorant of European history, of English literature, of science, of natural history, of evolution, of all politics except those of the ancient Mediterranean peoples, of pre-history, of the arts, of geography, of economics, of life—and of his own ignorance.

* * *

I DO NOT suggest that public schoolboys should be treated as potential Whiteleys, but that every facility should be given them for cultivating their natural desire for knowledge in the direction their own minds lead them. The business of the teacher is to find out what that predisposition and capacity are, and then to feed it on the proper food. But the public school superimposes a cut-and-dried system, an iron mask, over their heads, and sends them out as cut and as dried, turned out into the diverse world as a uniform type with a set of taboos for ethics and rules for ideas. It is said that what is wrong with the classics and the public school is bookishness. That is cant. Books are an essential of civilization, and no first-hand individual can express what is in him without them. In my school they used to act a Latin play every year, and two monitors sat in front of the boys waving canes when the jokes came. The jokes were bad and nobody understood them. Nevertheless, you clapped like mad when the mystic wands waved, or (a few hours later) they waved to more concrete purpose. That was how we appreciated the classics.

* * *

THE result is that the public school man goes into the world not as a bookman, but an automaton. And the real quarrel with the classical system is that it ruins such splendid material. With all his limitations, the public schoolboy is a potentially fine type thrown away. On the whole, it is not from his ranks that the world-exploiting tradesman and the mean, lying, venal, Pecksniffian politician of to-day are recruited. The automata of the public schools are their natural victims, and they use this ready material for their own ignoble ends as they do everything else. And that is why a book like Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" is so valuable. It is bound to become a classic—a real classic—and its materialism is too old-fashioned, too much imposed upon the fabric of the text, too obviously an idiosyncrasy to do much harm. It is a wonderful conspectus of the world, and it will in time penetrate the solid, excellent English mind. When it does, let the trading thief of life, the political thief of principle, and the public school thief of personality beware! With the knowledge of that history behind us, we may yet become a nation of free and true men.

M. J. M.

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Reviews.

OLD NOLLEKENS.

"Nollekens and His Times." By JOHN THOMAS SMITH.
 Edited and Annotated by WILFRED WHITTEN. With 85
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MR. WILFRED WHITTEN, in his preface to this handsome and admirable edition of Smith's "Life of Nollekens," employs a most suggestive phrase descriptive of the biographer's literary work, for he says of Smith: "This useful and amusing man whose anecdotes have irrigated so many books." *Irrigated!* 'tis the very word. Smith's anecdotes have watered many hundreds of acres of dry and dusty print. They crop up, again and again, without acknowledgment, as if springing spontaneously from the writer's memory, and, like Cowper's "rills," which though lost in the matted grass, yet

"With a livelier green
 Betray the secret of their silent course."

The battered and dingy tribe of miscellaneous writers had once good cause to be thankful for Mr. John Thomas Smith, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum from 1816 to 1833.

But as with that other wandering tribe, the gypsies, so times are now growing harder than ever for the miscellaneous writer:—

"They must live, still—and yet, God knows,
 Crowded and keen the country grows."

In these days of new and annotated editions of old books, long out of print, and of great compilations, like the innumerable encyclopedias, and the "Dictionary of National Biography," the poor miscellaneous writer who could once earn a meagre living by patching together an article, half biography, half criticism, now finds it harder than ever to find a market for his wares, and curses these fine reprints and great undertakings as savoring of Capitalism and Combines.

The two volumes of Smith's *Life of Nollekens*, first published by Colburn in 1828, and another book of his, which bears the fascinating title "A Book for a Rainy Day," have, ever since their publication, been greatly prized by the "miscellaneous writer" as a storehouse of quotable matter always ready to his hand. A couple of anecdotes out of "Rainy Day Smith," either of some artist dead and gone, or about some bit of "Old London" long since ruthlessly destroyed, were quite enough to establish a "Fleet Street" reputation for very considerable erudition and a wide range of subject.

It was, perhaps, a little unkind of Mr. Gosse, who well knows how hard it is for a miscellaneous writer to live in these days, to be the first editor of Smith's *Nollekens* in 1895, and thus to expose to the public eye the contents of a larder which for more than half-a-century had been reserved for the use of one particular industry. And now Mr. Whitten, equally well informed, comes along, twenty years after Mr. Gosse, with this really magnificent and attractive reproduction. Charles Lamb felt very unhappy when he first saw a modern edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" in the booksellers' shops, and we can imagine similar feelings being excited in some apprehensive breasts at the sight of old *Nollekens* in full dress in Hatchard's.

But there is really no need for the miscellaneous writer to hang himself. *Magna est ignorantia et praevaleret*. Just as there is always somebody in any audience who has never heard or read anything, and may, therefore, be relied upon to lead the laughter at the stalest joke, so after a short while, say, a twelvemonth hence, there will be small risk in "potting out" old stories from Smith's books, though for a season the miscellaneous writer should, following the pious example of Burns' Cottar, "wale his portion with judicious care."

To review Smith's *Life of Nollekens* is as impossible as it ought to have been for Smith to write it. The book takes high rank among the spiteful biographies, and it is to pass a harsh verdict upon that odd compound, human nature, to have to admit that spitefulness is a better quality in a biographer, from the biographee's point of view, than an amiable, uncritical effusiveness.

Smith was a fortune-hunter after the Roman fashion, made familiar to us in the comedies of Plautus, and probably

from the first hour when, in 1779, as a boy of thirteen he entered Nollekens' studio as a model for legs and arms he had his eye upon his master's ducats—his interest in the old miser's accumulations never flagging during all the years he served him. It is pleasing to have to relate that Smith never got a penny out of the £200,000 Nollekens had scraped together, and which he disposed of by a will and innumerable codicils. Hence Smith's venom. His task of bespattering his old friend was an easy one, for Nollekens had all the "notes" of the miser, being a coarse-grained fellow of Dutch extraction, dirty in language and filthy in his personal habits, whilst his wife, the daughter of Fielding's successor as a London police magistrate, though at one time fair to look upon and greatly admired by her old friend Dr. Johnson, was as miserly as her husband.

The pair of them carried economy to the pitch of sublimity, and their malicious biographer does not spare us a single damaging detail. Smith's method strangely reminds us of another spiteful biography, that of Cardinal Manning by Mr. Purcell. One biographer worked in marble and the other in clay, but the method was not unlike.

Yet when all that spitefulness can do had been done, the dirty old miser has probably fared better at the hands of this malignant biographer than he would have done had his life been written by the usual conventional hand trying his best to conceal all the vitality of the man. The same is true of Manning.

Smith was bound to record some kind and even generous actions of the old sculptor which reveal the fact that amidst the squalor and dirt of his miserly life there was a feeling heart and an essentially humane nature, and these significant actions, recorded by a grudging witness, "shine like a good deed in a naughty world."

One of the strangest features of this biography is the part played in it by the topography of London. Smith's bump of locality triumphs even over his bump of avarice, and he is for ever leaving his old master, stealing his nutmegs at the dinners of the Royal Academy, or wrangling with his cobbler over the nails in a pair of shoes, in order to wander through the streets of old London, a habit he probably learnt from Nollekens, who, in his turn, had been taught it by his mother.

"Another time Mr. Nollekens stopped at the corner of Rathbone Place and observed that when he was a little boy his mother often took him to the top of that street, to walk by the side of a long pond near a windmill, and that a halfpenny was paid by every person at a hatch (a nursery ground) belonging to the miller, for the privilege of walking in his grounds. He also told me that his mother took him through another halfpenny hatch in the fields between Oxford Road and Grosvenor Square, the North side of which was then building. When we got to the brewhouse between Rathbone Place and the end of Tottenham Court Road, he said he recollected thirteen large and fine walnut trees standing on the North side of the highway."—Vol. 1, p. 34.

Another quotation:—

"Mr. Nollekens, on his way to the Roman Catholic Chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he was christened, stopped to show me the dilapidations of the Duke of Monmouth's house in Soho Square. It was on the South side of the houses which now stand in Bateman's Buildings. Though the workmen were employed in pulling it down, we ventured to go in. The gate entrance was of massive iron-work supported by stone piers, surmounted by the crest of the owner of the house, and within the gates there was a spacious courtyard. The hall was ascended by steps. There were eight rooms on the ground floor . . . the staircase was of oak. As we ascended I remember Mr. Nollekens noticing the busts of Seneca, Caracalla, Trajan, Adrian, and several others upon brackets. The principal room on the first floor, which had not been disturbed by the workmen, was lined with blue satin, superbly decorated with pheasants and other birds in gold. The chimney-piece was richly ornamented with fruit and foliage similar to the carvings which surround the altar of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, so beautifully executed by Grinling Gibbons," &c., &c.—Vol. 1, pp. 27-8.

Walking through London with old Nollekens and the young viper Smith is, indeed, "to moan the expense of many a vanished sight."

Smith can hardly ever mention a man without telling you precisely where he lived. Thus:—

"Mr. Seward, of anecdotic memory, who lodged at the Golden Ball, No. 5, Little Maddox Street, where the sign is still perched, was," &c.—Vol. 1, p. 141.

"Lord Eldon often speaks of the fine fruit in Gower Street which his Lordship enjoyed when he lived in the

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(Plat. Phaidros, 246, d.)

Major-General Sir Louis Jackson, at the Royal United Service Institution one day in December, 1919, Lord Peel, the British Under-Secretary for War, presiding, stated that in the coming struggle a possible incident would be the

DESTRUCTION OF THE GREATER PART OF LONDON.

(cf. Journ. of the Royal Un. Serv. Inst., Vol. LXV.)

Major-General Sir Sefton Brancker stated in "The Evening Standard" (Oct. 23rd, 1920), "It seems inevitable in the future that on the declaration of war the rival aerial fleets will be at the very vitals of their enemy. The air offensive of the future will be far more rapid, far-reaching and devastating than the really wonderful offensive of the German army in 1914. We know that it was the combination of weather-conditions with a certain lack of enterprise that protected this country during the last two years of the war. Aerial transport is even now in process of eliminating the retarding influences of bad weather."

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house now No. 42, and has, indeed, spoken in open Court of the sad effect the London smoke had upon his garden in Gower Street. So late in the year 1800, William Bentham, of No. 6, Upper Gower Street (a gentleman whose well-chosen collection of English Topography is unquestionably the most select and perfect of any formed within my memory), had nearly twenty-five dozen of the finest and most delicious nectarines, all fit for the table, gathered from three completely exposed trees."—Vol. 1, p. 30.

This last quotation is enough to make the mouths of the fine ladies who have now taken to live in Gower Street to overflow. In such passages we see Smith at his best, and it is only fair to say that they abound. The connection with Nollekens need not be pressed.

Saving the exceptions we felt bound to make from the very first, in the interests of a tribe of writers for whom we have a not unnatural affection, for as Garrick says in one of his inimitable prologues,

"A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind,"

we can confidently recommend those who have a liking for biography and topography to make themselves acquainted with Mr. John Thomas Smith, both in his "Nollekens" and his "Rainy Day."

Mr. Whitten's notes are all notes should be. He has avoided the sin of over-annotation most skilfully.

In leaving Mr. Smith we must do so with an anecdote, probably our last theft from his once well-frequented pages. Amongst other pleasing traits in Nollekens' character was his extravagant pleasure in street-cries, and the pains he took to acquire both the words and the notes of itinerant vendors. Nollekens shared his taste both with Ned Shuter and Jack Bannister, two famous comedians, whose names (thanks to Charles Lamb) are still familiar to our ears, and it is of Ned Shuter that Bannister told the following story, which Smith repeats:—

"Ned was so fond of London cries that he would frequently follow people for hours together to get their cries correctly. I recollect a story he used to tell of his following a man who had a peculiar cry, up one street and down another, nearly a whole day, to get his cry, but the man never cried; at last being quite out of temper he went up to the fellow and said, 'You don't cry—why the devil don't you cry?' The man answered in a piteous tone, 'Cry! Lord bless your heart, Sir, I can't cry—my wife's dead; she died this morning.'—Vol. 1, p. 182.

A. B.

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THIS seems to us a fitting inscription upon the beautiful and massive structure of thought which has crowned the mental life of the Regius Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University. Those familiar with Professor Thomson's previous work will not find any new departures or change of direction in "The System of Animate Nature." They will find something better than that—a deep and abiding intellectual satisfaction in the double contemplation both of the thronged kingdom of Nature and of perhaps her sovereign evolutionary product, a lofty human mind embodied in its most appropriate form. This two-fold appreciation is not confined to the general outlines of the natural and personal landscapes. It is apparent from the above quotation that the book, a biological summary of life, far transcends in scope, in implication, and to a great extent in purpose, the limits of orthodox science. It is a work not only of systematized knowledge but of imaginative discovery—deeper science, says the author in his wisdom, may deepen feeling, and deeper feeling may deepen science, and, again, we cannot afford to lose in scientific

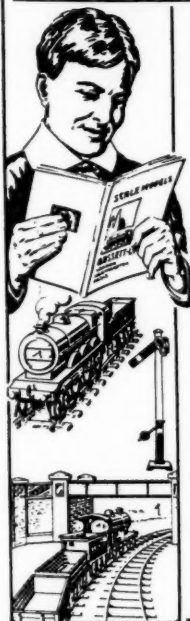
analysis what poets and artists and lovers of Nature all see, and again, true mystics are precise and logical thinkers. Perhaps, he says, with that characteristically gracious humility which is one of the signs of greatness in men, it would be as well if the devotees of science were more aware of its limitations, and if the religious, who have the vision of God, knew a little more about His works. Yet in a work which is primarily a mediation between different channels of truth-seeking and a reconciliation between the biological and transcendental views of the world—the chapter on "The Fact of Beauty," for instance, is a more masterly essay into aesthetics than anything we have read from modern professional artists—we are vividly struck by the writer's scientific good taste. Integrity of thought is the best scientific tradition we possess; the true man of science may think like a machine but never like the tradesman who owns it, and in the general collapse of scrupulous mentality to-day, there is something of grandeur in the refusal of science to sneak round or steeplechase over its material, and in the courage to abide by the formulations its patient searchings integrate at the expense of the light and warmth of what may be a truer vision. "The System of Animate Nature" reveals glad tidings to men, but wishes are never allowed to father thoughts. Professor Thomson speaks often enough like a poet, sees like a prophet, and pleads like a humanist, but he impresses us not least by his fairness and his loyalty to the science of biology, a loyalty the nobler from the insight and generosity which refer us for the ultimate significance of biological conclusions to Goethe, Wordsworth, and two poems of Mr. Watson and Mr. Hodgson:—

"I heard the universal choir
The Sons of Light exalt their Sire
With universal song."

It is this piety to his material and in his workmanship of it, to Nature and in the exposition of her laws, through the minutest details of research and to a power beyond, though revealed in Nature, which gives so much weight to Professor Thomson's argument and our confidence in it. His expression sometimes reaches a real poetic exaltation, and it is surprising how the cumbrous if necessary terminology of science loses its inertia beneath the urge of his powerful though highly dexterous intellect. But just as the stability of the universe is glimpsed through all its fairy loveliness, so facts are the root of Professor Thomson's philosophy, whose blossoms charm and scent penetrates our minds. The first volume is devoted to "The Realm of Organisms as it is," and after preliminary chapters outlining the religious interpretation and scientific analysis of Nature as complementary energies of the developing human spirit and the abundance, insurgence, experiments, fitnesses, and interlinkages of her creatures, he addresses himself to an exhaustive refutation—annihilation would be a more exact term—of the mechanistic theory of organisms. A hasty view would call it flogging a dead horse. But a private conviction that "King Lear" and "Prometheus Unbound" are something more than a phosphorescence upon the sea of inorganic matter and motion, and that the dog of our hearths and blue-tit of our gardens are something more than composites of chemical irritability, is not a philosophic or biological solution. The "specific livingness" of an organism is totally unlike the illusory one of a clock, which cannot wind itself up or repair itself or oil its machinery or generate young clocks or select an alternative of marking time. The lowest organism experiments in self-expression, burns without being consumed, registers its experience, and is capable of producing something distinctively new. The organism is both a potential and historical being, and though we must speak rather of the genesis than the evolution of inorganic elements, yet there are infra-conscious analogues between the organic and inorganic which forbid a completely adequate application of mechanistic processes even to the latter.

We touch here a highly characteristic nerve-centre of Professor Thomson's thinking. Between contending systems of natural philosophy he usually steers a middle course (which is like Nature's own way), and yet arrives at conclusions more pregnant, more suggestive, and at the same time more reasonable than either of them. Thus he rejects

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Driesch's radical vitalism no less than mechanism, because the intervention of a vital bolt from the blue into the living makes a breach in the continuity of natural processes and the conservation of energy on the one hand, while denying the operation of Mind throughout the entire universe on the other. How this careful gliding between extremes, while harvesting the riches of both on his way, dignifies our conception of the material order and squares with our experience of truth! Thus in his long discussion of the indeterminism of animal behavior, with the useful distinction of "purposive" activities in the little-brained or brainless organisms (reflexes or obligatory movements of parts of the body to external stimuli, tropisms, or obligatory movements as a whole to them and instinct) and "purposeful" activities in the big-brained birds and mammals, he will not be satisfied either with pigeon-holes or generalizations. Instinct and intelligence are divergent (as Bergson says), but they blend like the various strata of different geological periods in one locality. Professor Thomson does not sweepingly declare that mankind is governed by rational conduct, but that some men are, and at the same time keeps his mental eye fixed upon Nature's larger strategy, which is to economize mental activity for higher issues and busier exploration by the structural registration of the capacities for effective behavior. The same disinterested, balanced, and embracing method of thought, whether original or critical, is applied to the esthetic and ethical aspects of natural laws. Beauty, he says, is both an objective and subjective reality, and form has more and more meaning as our esthetic contemplation of it intensifies. It is Nature's "stamp of approval on harmonious individuality," and our enjoyment of it is in part that of witnessing "a vicarious victory of mind over matter." Nor is beauty sufficient either unto Nature or itself alone, for it has an evolutionary reward in the development of personality and social sympathies. The old struggle for existence formula, again, is a misleading one, since it ignores the parental care, the love of mates, the subordination of the individual to the race, and the social life of animals, while caring for self, on the other hand, is more than a predatory competition for subsistence round the platter, and involves the total response of the organism to its environing difficulties and limitations. Is not the health of the falcon itself a virtue? The struggle for existence (a phrase used metaphorically by Darwin) is an "endeavor after well-being" congruent with the pervasive mentality and purpose in Nature, but by no means so with human warfare and a soulless commercialism.

The second volume is devoted to the evolution of organisms, to elaborating the view that "Nature is Nature for a purpose—an increasing and transcendent purpose." "Therefore, let us humbly seek after more than the footprints of the Creator," is the word of the biologist, "who beholding all the works of His hands, found them good for His purpose." The logos of evolution is Kingsley's "I make things make themselves," but lack of space and the great technical complexity of the problems of germinal heredity (Professor Thomson adheres to the view that "somatic modifications" are not inherited, but vehemently denies any justification for fatalism in the germinal continuity of the past into the present) prevent us from unfolding his thought as explicitly as we should like. Variation, he says, is "original thinking," and if the germ-plasm determines the cards, it is the developed organism which plays them. "The history of Nature," he says, quoting von Baer, "is nothing but the history of the ever-advancing victory of spirit over matter," and for the disharmonies—"the plasticity, the adaptations, the progress, the interlinkages, the joy, the happiness, the masterpieces, the note of gentleness, how they make the shadows shrink!" Of such disharmonies in Professor Thomson's great work, a work, we think, of solid genius, and a magnificent vindication of the great work of Nature, we find but one—a single passage which seems to throw a mantle of approval over vivisection. Vivisection may or may not be justified in science; it cannot be justified in ethics or religion, and we should give a very wrong impression of "The System of Animate Nature" if we regarded it as a masterly work of science alone. It is a work, in fact, of genuine religious inspiration, and will be so regarded, we believe, by the thinkers of posterity.

FOREIGN PARTS.

- "Among the Ibos of Nigeria." By G. T. BASDEN, M.A., F.R.G.S. (Seeley, Service. 25s.)
 "Among the Natives of the Royalty Group." By Mrs. EMMA HADFIELD. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)
 "Through British Guiana to the Summit of Roraima." By Mrs. CECIL CLEMENTI. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d.)
 "A Tour in Mongolia." By Mrs. BEATRIX BULSTRODE. (Methuen. 16s.)

The author of the first book in this group of travel narratives, when remarking of an Ibo village and its surroundings that the whole scene "is delightfully and charmingly picturesque," then advises us, if we would retain our pleasure, to follow the example of "touring journalists, and be content with first and rapid impressions." He then goes on to show us, from a long and intimate acquaintance with Ibo life, that the village is, in fact, a deplorably dirty and unhygienic community of very ignorant and superstitious people, and describes some of the dirt both of Ibo place and of Ibo mentality.

It is rather likely that an experienced journalist, let us say an observer of the quality of Mr. Charles Hands, would have noticed that, and much else, in a few apparently casual and indifferent strolls motivated only by extreme boredom. The first and rapid impressions of a journalist like Mr. Hands are what a bad journalist, and even other varieties of travellers not in the usual hurry of a journalist, would never have suspected were to be got there. But then Mr. Hands probably would not have thought it worth while to make remarkable features of the dirt and ignorance of even an Ibo village; his ready recognition of those human attributes and his estimate of their degrees would have been adjusted to Greenwich time, so to speak, long before he left home. He might have been made sick and sorry, but he would not have been surprised into italics, as it were. A traveller and writer who has got his bearings approximately from the "Golden Bough," some natural science, and a liking for Gulliver, at the worst may be cynical and pitiless, and in more humane moods may sometimes wonder whether the destruction at Ibo or elsewhere of a few of humanity's numberless idols and silly taboos is worth the maintenance in obscure places of missionaries whose work would be unluckily discounted by inevitable trade gin from Liverpool and Antwerp, to say nothing of a few occasional levies for more wars for civilization.

Now each of these books of travel is sufficiently interesting to hold throughout even the attention of an experienced traveller. The first two, Mr. Basden's and Mrs. Hadfield's, are valuable contributions to anthropology and folk-lore, for Mr. Basden lived for some years in Nigeria, and Mrs. Hadfield gained the confidence of the Loyalty islanders of the South Seas through long residence with them. One eagerly turns over their records as one would turn over any collection of rare specimens, looking for what is significant. But occasionally, it must be confessed, one would surrender just a handful of rare and attractive examples for a chapter by—well, just anybody, a hurried journalist would do, who could somehow get Roraima, or an Ibo village, or a coral island, or the Gobi desert in such a light that one could glimpse it long enough to take the collecting of specimens, experiences, and episodes there with less of the expectancy of a deliberate student or a dutiful reviewer, and more of the relish of a reader having an all-round good time.

For if, when we read about it, a foreign country shines from afar, and its glamor dims our immediate circumstances, then we have to thank nothing and nobody but the narrator. It is his personal light we see. That is what is meant by "impression"—the land became relative, when it was regarded by such a traveller, to what knowledge and character he had. It was adjusted to its place by the attraction and repulsion of his personality.

Mrs. Bulstrode, for that reason, certainly makes her Mongols and Chinamen, in their bleak and uncomfortable country, quite attractive to us, in spite of the fact that there one's hosts may, having added camel dung to the fire with their hands (which are never washed), then wipe a greasy utensil with their fingers before filling it with milk for us. The energy and courage of a lady who would venture on a dromedary into desert places when there is war there between Tartars and Chinamen, though they promise well so far as

The Sun-God Scorned

CURSE not his scorching, when the Summer Sun
Stares down upon a world of tired men,
Faint with their labours in the glaring light.
The Sun-God loves us; when our work is done
He plunges in the western deep and then—
Rest in the cool and beauty of the night!

He drinks the waters of the azure lakes,
And fashions clouds to give the weary shade,
And sadly hides the earth beneath a dim
Grey sky; but oft he looks through, where it
breaks,
Or peeps behind the mountain mists he made
For proof that men have not forgotten him.

We have forgotten. Fools he saw of old
Wasting their sordid lives; yet none were blind
To the great mercies of the Sun-God's gifts,
And he forgave them, nor denied the gold
Of sparkling sunlight to them, and mankind
Knew not the cloud of sin that never lifts.

But we have built us cities, where to dwell
Beneath an everlasting pall of smoke
Hid from the Sun, from Heaven's watchful eye.
He sees us not, but knows we are of Hell,
And turns to shed his rays on simpler folk,
And leaves the city in its sins to die.

Come, grope no longer in the dark foul ways
Of fools, whom not the touch of nature thrills.
Come! seek the magic of a moor untrod,
Where glowing suns enrich the golden days,
And winds at night play wild upon the hills,
And storms are tokens of the strength of God.

A. B. B. VALENTINE.



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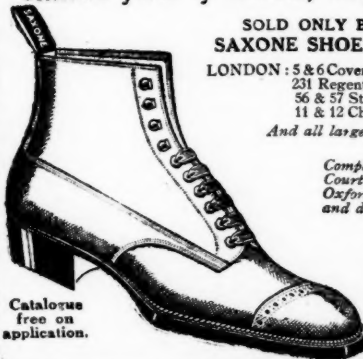
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the future story of her adventures is concerned, yet are no more than a possibility. But Mrs. Bulstrode has a quick and wary eye, a ready sympathy, and a naturalist's zest for observing the behavior of her fellow-creatures, and experimenting with them. She obviously enjoyed herself, even when the brutal winds of the steppes brought the tent down on her head at night. She retains her zest, without a trace of self-consciousness, when she writes of her adventures, and so we realize the stones and harsh winds of Mongolia a little plainer than we do the tropical forests and the savannahs of Mrs. Clementi's journey. Yet that, too, was a venturesome quest, for the land between the Guianas and the Amazon is perilous and almost unknown. Her book will prove interesting to those who themselves have travelled there, or have read James Rodway or Eugène André; but otherwise her placid manner of describing things seen and done never raises any more excitement over the accomplishment at last of the summit of Mount Roraima than it does over the usual camp breakfast. Her party might have *walked* all the way, at an even four miles per hour. We are bound to add, however, that the almost uninhabited tropical forests and savannahs of America, though romantic enough in the distance, are static, and make a very intractable subject for a writer to play with. Whereas Mrs. Bulstrode's Buddhist priests, camels, dogs, and constant panorama of lively characters gave her a much easier task.

Mr. Basden's and Mrs. Hadfield's books are particular studies of selected peoples, their lives, customs, and superstitions. Both are missionaries, and both are fair, generous, and tolerant investigators who are plainly in love with the folk among whom they were placed. Mr. Basden, in the matter of polygamy, for instance, says all the good words for it that are appropriate in the case of the Ibos. He shows that it is perfectly right, seeing that the cooking of a man's food for him gives a wife an unreasonably tight hold of a man—in short, she can play the very deuce with him by refusing to get his dinner ready, if he has offended her—that a man should therefore provide himself with a cook in reserve, and put a stop to that sort of nonsense. Besides, it is only fair to the wife. What will other women think of her if her husband has but one wife? And should a self-respecting woman be expected to do all the work of the house? Mr. Basden is careful to balance the account by allowing a peep or two at polygamy from the back-door. It is not a pretty picture, but as the missionary points out, neither are some aspects of monogamy at home. For our part, if a missionary can render an account of his stewardship as good as this patient study of native life in Southern Nigeria, then he has done well.

The same may be said of Mrs. Hadfield's report from the Loyalty group. There is a salutary lesson for those who would measure strangers by a standard out of Brixton in the story of her neighbors in Uvea, who, when her husband was seriously ill, refused to sell their fowls, for Mrs. Hadfield wished to make broth. "I felt deeply grieved. Was this, then, their gratitude to us, who had helped them and cared for their sick? In the course of time my husband became convalescent." Then they received a deputation from the village, bringing gifts of yams, taro, fowls, and other good things. And why had they refused to sell fowls? Because they would then have had nothing "to show their love" if their friend recovered. Now he was better. Besides, if he had been destined to die, could fowls have saved him?

THE CASE FOR NATIONALIZATION.

"The Triumph of Nationalization." By Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY. (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE torrent of criticism directed against Government control and public administration during the years of war and since has told heavily against the policy of Nationalization. No doubt a large part of this criticism was well founded. A sudden improvisation of State Socialism, complete or diluted, in a number of our staple industries, at a time when every organ of our social life was disordered under the emergency, was certain to be accompanied by innumerable acts of ignorance, corruption, waste, and folly. But, upon the score of such defects, to denounce the whole policy of Nationalization is as unwarrantable as to claim, upon the other side, that the

passionate sentiment of public service, available in such a struggle, can be assumed as a lasting incentive in normal industrial life.

In this volume Sir Leo Chiozza Money puts up a singularly well-informed and able defence of War-Socialism. He shows how the Munitions, Shipping, Food, and other departments succeeded in "delivering the goods," both those demanded by the fighting forces and those required for the maintenance of civilian life, upon a considerably higher level, so far as the workers were concerned, than in pre-war years. His evidence is conveyed in statistical and factual detail, and must be set against the general accusations of incompetence and the picked examples of extravagance which have been mobilized by business men and the Press which they command, in order to crab all proposals for governmental "interference" or public ownership.

He shows how public control put an end to the most appalling examples of profiteering in the shipping, engineering, clothing and other trades, which took place in the early period of the war, and how it brought to an end the huge wastes of competition which absorbed so much useless labor and cost so dear to the consumer. He nails to the counter quite a number of lies told in the Press and passing into accepted currency, such as the Slough case. He exhibits the skill and foresight of the Government in its purchases of overseas supplies of food and raw materials, and in its organization of the supplies within this country. Under the title "The Resumption of Disorder" he deplores the hasty scrapping of many of these controls, with the result that the trades return, either to the wasteful competition temporarily suspended, or to the private profiteering trusts and combines left as a natural result of the enforced co-operation of the war.

The choice which confronts us to-day is not, as is often falsely pretended, between private competitive enterprise, on the one hand, under conditions which enforce efficiency and enterprise, while affording protection to the consumer against bad work and excessive prices, and State bureaucracy, upon the other. The securities, expensive and inadequate, of an age of free competition are cancelled anyhow, presenting the alternatives of private or public monopolies, so far as many of the highly-organized trades are concerned. Capitalists engaged in these lucrative trades are well aware of the strength of such an appeal, and therefore direct all their arguments against the inefficiency of public control, knowing that theoretic Socialism has little bite upon the popular mind, and that the State and all its works are heavily discredited at the present time.

Much of Sir Leo's profitable labor is directed to prove the enormous size of the waste in this imperfectly competing system. The Coal Commission produced staggering evidence of such waste, due to the utter incompetence with which the trade, regarded as a whole, is conducted. Our railroad system has long stood as a monument of unprogressive incompetence. An appeal is made to national safety as well as to economy. The modern *mot d'ordre* is organization. Our country is small, and although some of its natural resources are rich and relatively abundant, we cannot continue to provide subsistence and a civilized standard of life for our people, unless we get a great deal more out of our natural and human resources than we have been getting hitherto. Food, housing, and other material essentials must be guaranteed for our whole population. A minimum standard, supported by trade provision against unemployment, is now an accepted, though not yet an operative, policy. But power, transport, credit, public health, can no longer be left to the risks of private business and professional exigencies. They must furnish pillars of the new State.

Vigorously, though with excessive brevity, Sir Leo, in his concluding chapters, discusses the question of representative as distinct from bureaucratic management, citing with approval the lines laid down by the Sankey Report for the coal industry. All who recognize the need of nationalization of essential industries ought to concentrate upon this problem of industrial democracy in business management. How to make representative government consistent with necessary discipline is the most crucial issue, and one which requires to be thought out and experimented in separately for different types of business. No single or simple formula suffices. It involves the whole problem of industry as a psychological structure.

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Mortimer Hall, 93, Mortimer Street, W. (near Queen's Hall). Course of Public Lectures on "Universal Brotherhood," every Tuesday, at 8 p.m. November 30th—Speaker: Viscountess Gladstone, on "The League of Nations and the Labour Convention." Solo Pianist: Isobel Gray. (Chappell Grand Piano). Admission Free.

CHAMBER CONCERTS, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, next Monday, 29th, at 8 p.m., Piano Quartet (Mme. Lily Henkel, M. Désiré Defauw, Mr. Raymond Jeremy, M. Emile Doehaerd), Mr. Norman Notley, Miss Ivy Parkin. Quartets: Mozart in G min., Brahms in A maj. Songs. Violin Solos. Admission Free. Collection.

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**INSURE WITH THE
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The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE last two weekly statements of national revenue and expenditure have been more favorable, producing between them a reduction of about £6½ millions in the floating debt. Such reduction now is the more eagerly welcomed, since December obligations are expected to swell the floating debt substantially, if temporarily. Treasury Bill sales are on a satisfactory scale. These weekly figures, however, do not really modify the seriousness of the outlook in national finance, in which by far the most favorable feature is the evidence that business men of all branches are beginning to organize themselves for the purpose of demanding a severe curtailment of Government expenditure. Along that line, as Mr. McKenna recently told a trade deputation, lies the business community's best hope of alleviation from present difficulties. But the pressure will have to be very well organized and very powerful if it is to succeed. The Treasury must be realizing that the time is approaching when, by the force of economic circumstances, the Excess Profits Duty must die a natural death. The authorities are said to be busily searching for a substitute for this great revenue raiser of recent years. It is a rather grim commentary on present conditions that some of those who were loudest in their denunciation of the E.P.D. are now blessing it. For in Bradford and Mincing Lane merchants are clinging to the hope that they will be able now to reclaim from the Exchequer much of the duty paid in previous years. Be that as it may, the large figures of E.P.D. arrears that the Treasury has been counting upon are becoming more and more nebulous. A healthy substitute may be devised; but no Treasury ingenuity can possibly remove the overwhelming necessity for root and branch retrenchment.

The stock markets hang fire under a host of adverse influences, among which the shower of new borrowings figures prominently. The movements among foreign exchanges are better. The £ has improved in terms of the dollar, while the franc, both Belgian and French, and the mark have all recovered somewhat from their recent depth of depreciation. To-day's Bank statement shows improvement.

NEW ISSUES.

The new issue boom continues. Hadfields Ltd. offer £1,000,000 7½ per cent. ten-year first mortgage debentures at 98, repayable at 102. A well-secured industrial debenture. Note that in the assets statement freehold land and buildings are entered at below pre-war values—a very favorable point. The Niger Company's 8 per cent. seven-year Notes are far less suitable to the small investor, though they may attract the wealthy. Noteholders are apparently not specially secured, and their claims, in the unlikely event of misfortune, would rank with those of ordinary trade creditors. Of last week's New South Wales issue of £4,000,000, only £1,200,000 was subscribed by the public, the remainder being left with the underwriters. This loan is worth buying at the discount of one point, at which it is quoted. A joint issue by seven municipalities is imminent.

POSITION OF HOME RAILS.

Home railway stocks have been rising a little of late, but quotations are still a very long way below those current about the time of the Armistice. The yields on the ordinary stocks are still high, and holders are naturally anxious to know what their position is likely to be after next August, which is the time fixed for the expiration of the Government guarantee. On that subject definite light is still rather lacking. Official policy appears to be tending definitely in the direction of handing back the railways to the companies as soon as possible. By instituting higher fares and rates the Government aimed at restoring the lines to a commercial basis, and apparently with some success. For in September the Government actually had a surplus in hand from the railways after meeting the requirements of their guarantee. There is hope that this state of affairs may continue, although, of course, October will make a poor showing owing to the coal strike. But before the railways and the Government part company, there are large and difficult questions to be

solved. For one thing, a Commission, of which Lord Colwyn is Chairman, is sitting to review the question of sums due to the companies on account of arrears of maintenance, excessive wear and tear, &c. It is understood that this Commission has not yet actually received detailed claims from the companies, but the sums involved are likely to run into nine figures, and the task of adjudging them is likely to be arduous and prolonged. The following table shows the war and post-war depreciation suffered by representative ordinary and prior charge stocks, together with latest dividend rates, quotations, and yields:—

	Price June 30, 1914.	Price Oct. 31, 1918.	Price Nov. 24, 1920.	Div. for 1919. %	Present Yield. £ s. d.
Great Eastern Ord. Stk. ...	47½	40½	30	2½	9 3 3
Great Western Ord. Stk. ...	114½	90½	76	7½	9 10 9
London & North Western Ord. ...	127½	96½	76	7½	9 17 3
Midland Deferred Stk. ...	71½	60½	48	4½	9 18 0
Great Western 5% Pref. Stk. ...	124	94	76	5	6 11 6
Great Northern 4% Pref. Stk. ...	97	75	60	4	6 13 3
London & North Western 4% Cons. Pref. Stk. ...	100	75	62	4	6 9 0
Midland 2½% Pref. Stk. ...	62	46½	38½	2½	6 9 9
Great Western 4% Deb. Stk. ...	104	83	68	4	5 17 9
London & North Western 3% Deb. Stk. ...	76½	61	51	3	5 17 9
Midland 2½% Deb. Stk. ...	65	51½	42½	2½	5 18 3
North Eastern 3% Deb. Stk. ...	76	62	51	3	5 17 9

The yields in the above table are based on the dividends paid for 1919.

Nationalization is not part of the avowed policy of the Government. But there are those who still believe that circumstances, arising out of the complexity of problems to be settled, may yet force the State to take over the railways. However little reason there may be for such belief, that possibility is not yet ruled out as a stock market factor. Its existence may be traced in the above table in the yields of from 9 per cent. to 10 per cent. on the ordinary stocks. If nationalization came, the brunt of any disadvantage in the terms of purchase or compensation would presumably fall on the ordinary stocks. Prior charge stocks would have little to fear, and this is evidenced in the fact that the four debenture stocks quoted above to-day offer a yield decidedly lower than that which can be obtained on a British Government security, as, for instance, the new Local Loans.

BRITISH BANK FOR FOREIGN TRADE.

The directors of the British Bank of Foreign Trade have prepared a scheme of capital reorganization, which is explained in a circular issued to shareholders. The scheme is necessitated by the tremendous fall in the realizable value of Russian securities, of which the Bank was a large holder. Such holdings had since 1916 stood in the Company's balance-sheet at £621,519. These are to be written down to £21,519, which is their present value. To bring the Bank's capital more into accordance with its real assets, it is proposed: (1) That the present authorized capital of the Bank—namely, 300,000 shares of £3 10s. each (£1,050,000)—be subdivided into 2,100,000 shares of 10s. each. Of this only 240,000 shares of the original denomination of £3 10s. each have been issued, leaving £210,000 unissued. (2) That each holder of 10s. shares should surrender five out of every seven shares of 10s. each held by him on November 30th, 1920. This would mean the surrender to the Company of 1,200,000 10s. shares, or in all £600,000. Then the 2,100,000 shares will be consolidated into 1,050,000 shares of £1 each—that is, one £1 share for every two 10s. shares. The 600,000 shares of £1 each which will be surrendered will be considered in every respect as forfeited shares, which the directors will have full power to dispose of, but which they undertake shall not be reallocated without being first offered to the registered shareholders on terms as advantageous as those of any offer made to others. The scheme has the advantage that the shareholders are not required to put up any fresh money. The capital reduction places the finances of the Bank on a sound basis, paves the way to the resumption of dividends on the reduced capital, and leaves shareholders to hope for a windfall, if and when Russian securities rise in value.

L. J. R.

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